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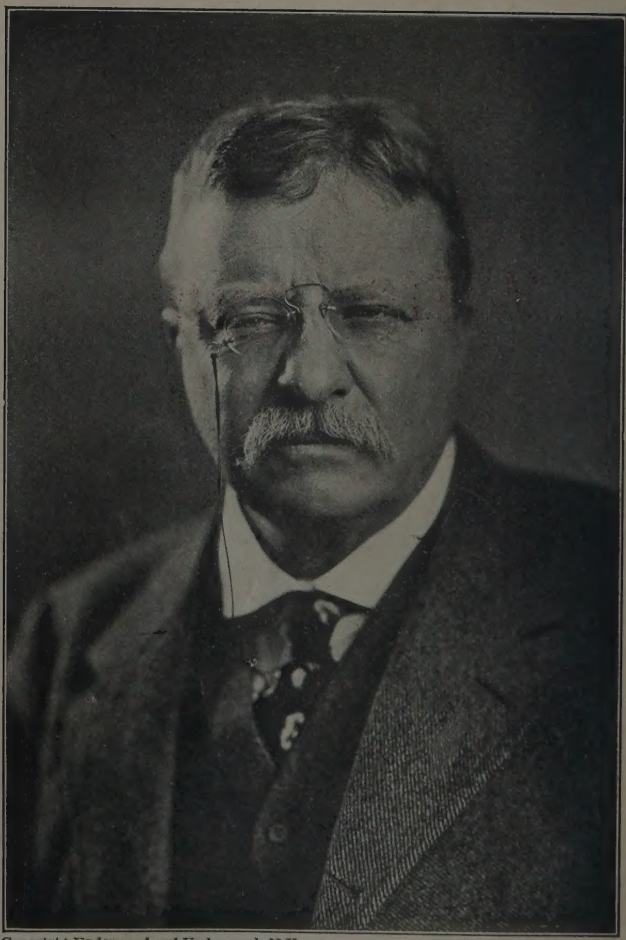
THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From a photograph taken shortly before his death

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The BOY and the MAN

WITHDRAWN

BY

JAMES MORGAN

NEW EDITION WITH NEW CHAPTERS

ILLUSTRATED WITH
REPRODUCTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS

"The child is father of the man."

GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

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Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1907. Reprinted October, 1907; February, 1909; September, 1910.
New edition with new chapters, February, 1919.

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TO H. M.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE author begs to acknowledge his indebtedness for the use of material printed in Mr. Riis' "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen." Mr. Riis' book is one which must always be a source of information for any writer who undertakes to deal with the subject of Mr. Roosevelt's life.

A FOREWORD

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the Boy and the Man," does not pretend to be an analysis of the individual, and it was not written with the intention of advocating or criticising his political policies. It ~~was meant to be~~ is a simple, straightforward, yet complete biography of the most interesting personality of our day. Its ~~aim is to~~ present a life of action by portraying the varied dramatic scenes in the career of a Man who still has the enthusiasm of a Boy, and whose energy and faith have illustrated before the world the spirit of Young America.

In this new edition, the biography is made complete by additional chapters which have been prepared since Mr. Roosevelt's death. The rest of the story is left as it originally was written at the climax of his administration and thus is all the more vivid because it is a view of the living man at work.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER I

A SON OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH

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October 27, 1858, Theodore Roosevelt born. — Descended from one of the oldest Knickerbocker families of New York and from a noted Southern family. — Deep shadow cast upon his childhood home by the Civil War. — His father's noble work for the boys in blue. — His mother's Confederate brothers, one building the *Alabama* and other Southern cruisers, and another firing the last shot in the great battle with the *Kearsarge*. — His father's devotion to the poor. — The son's tribute to him and to his gallant Confederate uncles. — The strenuous life chosen in preference to a life of ease.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, unlike Abraham Lincoln and other leaders whom the American people have delighted to honor and follow, was not born in a log cabin. On the contrary, he was born to wealth and position in the city of New York. Fortune spared him the anxious struggle for a living, which most of us must make from earliest boyhood.

He was reared in an elegant home and educated in one of the famous universities of the country. He read law, but he had no need to practise a profession. His father had retired from business, and there was no occasion for the son to take up a business career.

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He tasted the enjoyments of travel in the Old World. The pleasure-loving society of his native city was open to him; his Knickerbocker name was a passport to the drawing-rooms of fashion and to the exclusive clubs. A life of ease was his if he chose. Not a few of his friends made this choice and gave themselves up to luxurious idleness.

But Theodore Roosevelt preferred for himself a life of toil — the strenuous life. In this decision he accepted the part which nature seems to have been preparing for him through generations of his family history.

He is descended, on his father's side, from a sturdy race of Dutch burghers, and he himself has a head which Rembrandt might have painted on one of his immortal canvases. The first Roosevelt, or Claes Martenszen Van Rosenvelt, as he was named, came from Holland to New York, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called, in 1649 or 1650. The place was a bit of quaint old Holland transplanted to the New World, and its people, with their wooden shoes, big breeches, and long pipes, with their thrift, their cleanliness, and their windmills,

were as loyal Dutch as those that stayed in the homeland behind the dikes.

For full one hundred years the Roosevelts in this country made no marriage outside their race. The family name, Van Rosenvelt at first, then Rosenvelt and Rosavelt, did not get its present form of Roosevelt until after 1750. Theodore Roosevelt's early forbears were christened Nicholas, and Johannes, and Jacobus, and not until the Revolution did his ancestors adopt English names.

They were plain people, those founders of the family in America, and they got their living by their hands. In the beginning they lived at the Battery, the very lower end of Manhattan, but they have steadily moved up the island, generation by generation. A large tract of land was bought by one of Theodore Roosevelt's ancestors for $500, and through it Roosevelt Street was laid out. His grandfather lived in Union Square, while his father's home was in 20th Street, and he himself has lived in 57th Street, within two blocks of Central Park.

The social condition of the family kept pace with this upward movement geographically. As far back as 1750 one of the Roosevelts is dignified in the

official records of the city with the title of Esquire, and in 1765 another is set down as "gentleman." Like the honest burghers that they were, the Roosevelts discharged their civic duties as aldermen from time to time, and in some branches there were one or two state senators, a congressman or so, and a judge. But, as with most New York families, they were generally men of business.

For a century and a half they have been in the enjoyment of wealth. Theodore Roosevelt's grandfather, Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt, inherited a large fortune, and, as a glass importer and banker, he added a good deal to his inheritance. He was a most successful business man. Having himself left Columbia without graduating, he distrusted a college training for young men going into trade, and bred his son, Theodore, to follow in his footsteps.

This son was the father of the President. It was while he was a member of the prosperous house of Roosevelt & Co. in Maiden Lane, and on a journey to Georgia as the groomsman of a friend from Philadelphia, that he met Miss Martha Bulloch, the beautiful young woman who was to be the mother of the President. She was

the sister of his friend's bride and in a year they, too, were married.

The Bullochs were as notable a family in the South as the Roosevelts in the North. Mrs. Roosevelt's father had been a major in the Mexican War and her great-grandfather, Archibald Bulloch, was the first Governor of the state of Georgia in the time of the Revolution.

Only a few years after this union of the North and the South, the great war between the sections shook the land. Nowhere in the North did it cast a deeper shadow than on the home of the Roosevelts. While her husband was deeply moved by loyalty to the Federal government, all of Mrs. Roosevelt's kindred in the old home went with the Confederacy.

Mrs. Roosevelt's elder brother, Captain James Dunwoody Bulloch, had been in the United States navy, but at the outbreak of the war was in the merchant marine, commanding a ship plying between New York and New Orleans. This ship, the *Bienville*, was in port at New Orleans at the time of the secession of Louisiana from the Union, and the governor commanded Captain Bulloch to turn her over to the state. The Captain refused, and his fealty to

the South was brought into doubt. Nevertheless he believed that honor required him to deliver the vessel into the hands of her owners in New York. Until he had done that he did not feel free to join the Confederacy.

On offering his services to Jefferson Davis he was at once commissioned a captain in the Confederate navy and despatched to England to buy arms for the new government. He discharged this duty successfully and delivered his purchases, being the first to run the blockade.

His next assignment was one of the most important and delicate tasks that fell to a Confederate officer. He returned to England to buy and equip vessels of war for the South. The British government was forbidden by the laws of neutrality to permit such a thing to be done in her ports. The minister of the United States did his utmost to prevent the launching of the Confederate vessels which Captain Bulloch built, and commissioners were hastened from Washington, with $10,000,000 in United States bonds, in a last effort to stop his work.

But he was not checked until he had set afloat fully half a dozen ships under the stars and bars of

the South, among them the *Alabama*, and when the war was over Great Britain was compelled, by the arbitration of Geneva, to pay the government of the United States $15,000,000 for the damages which Captain Bulloch's ships had inflicted on Northern shipping.

Mrs. Roosevelt's younger brother won a commission in the navy of the South and was the navigating officer of the *Alabama* in the destructive cruise of that ship. When the *Alabama* was sunk in a battle with the United States ship *Kearsarge* off the coast of France, he commanded the last gun that was in action and fired the last shot from her sinking deck. The men of the *Alabama* were rescued by an English yacht, and Irvine Stephens Bulloch married the daughter of one of his English rescuers.

President Roosevelt has not hesitated to say that he is proud of the gallantry of his Confederate uncles in the war, and of one of them he has said, "My uncle always struck me as the nearest approach to Colonel Newcome of any man I ever met in actual life."

It was not the strife, but the suffering of the war

that appealed to Theodore Roosevelt the elder. True, he helped to raise and equip regiments at the outset and was an organizer of the Union League Club for the purpose of rallying the supporters of the cause of the Union. But when the war was well under way, he gave himself almost entirely to aiding the sick and wounded, to caring for the families and the widows and orphans of the soldiers. He was among the foremost in starting and carrying on the Sanitary Commission, which did so much for the health and comfort of those who bore the battle.

It was he who went to President Lincoln with a bill, which he had drawn and which Congress adopted with the President's approval, authorizing each state to receive such sums of money as the soldiers were willing to set aside from their pay and to see that this money was given to their families. Many of those whose breadwinners had gone into the army were almost starving, while the soldiers at the front, sometimes without safe means of sending money home and often careless of their obligations to those they had left behind, were wasting their wages.

Mr. Roosevelt went from camp to camp on long, hard winter journeys, persuading the men in New

York regiments to assign to the state more or less of their monthly allowance. In this way several million dollars were rescued in the course of the war and delivered to the wives and mothers of the boys in blue, enabling them to keep roofs over their heads and homes to which they welcomed the veterans when they came back from the war.

On the return of peace, when hundreds of thousands of young men were suddenly mustered out of the army and thrown upon their own resources, Mr. Roosevelt formed in New York, whose streets were thronged with idle and moneyless men, a Soldiers' Employment Bureau. To see that they got their just dues from the government without being robbed by claim agents, he joined in establishing the Protective War Claims Association.

The call to these nobler duties, which the war had brought him, turned the elder Theodore Roosevelt from the business career which his father had planned for him. The philanthropic tendencies of his family, manifested in every generation for a hundred years, became the controlling force in his life. His grandfather had given his services as commissary to the Continental Army without pay

His father had been a liberal contributor to charity, and one of his kinsmen had given the larger part of his fortune to found the great Roosevelt Hospital in New York.

Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, belonged from birth to the House of Have, but he determined to give his heart to the House of Want. He was not rich, as riches are counted in New York; but he had all that he and his family needed, and he would not go on piling up a hoard of unneeded wealth.

Nearly all his life he had made it his practice to set apart one day of every week, wholly for the service of the less fortunate, visiting and cheering them as a friend, while he meant to let no day pass without some act of kindness to its credit.

"I remember seeing him," his son fondly said of the father, "going down Broadway, staid and respectable business man as he was, with a poor little sick kitten in his pocket, a waif which he had picked up in the street."

He withdrew from business more and more, until, at last, he quit it entirely that he might give himself, as well as his money, to lighten, as he could, the burden of the poor in the great city. Thus he was

free to devote himself to his children and to those other children of his sympathies, the children of the people. He was the active head of the Children's Aid Society, and for years never missed a Sunday evening at the 18th Street lodging house of that society. His generous activities were widely recognized, and he was made chairman of the State Board of Charities.

Heavy as his sense of duty was and keen as were his sympathies with those in misfortune, Mr. Roosevelt was yet a pleasure-loving man, and his distinguished son has boasted, "My father was the finest man I ever knew, and the happiest." He delighted in the woods; he was fond of sailing his yacht, took part in many athletic sports and drove a four-in-hand with skill in the park.

In politics he was loyal to the principles of his party, but he was as independent of the bosses as his son has shown himself to be. President Hayes honored him for this independence and nominated him to the highest federal office in the state, the collectorship of the port of New York. But the bosses knew that they could not control him and they had the power to cause the Senate to reject his name.

Mr. Roosevelt died in what should have been his prime, but yet not until he had seen his son and namesake, over whom he had watched with so much loving anxiety and upon whom he had looked with the proudest hope, a student at Harvard, and displaying among his fellows a promise of that strength and soundness, alike in body and in character, which he had done his best to give him. As the good man lay dying, the children of the tenements brought him flowers and sent him tear-stained letters, and when he died, the flags of the city were lowered to half-staff in honor of this modest, great-hearted private citizen. "His life," the members of the Union League Club declared in their resolutions, "was a stirring summons to the men of wealth, of culture and of leisure, to a more active participation in public affairs."

This is the summons which Theodore Roosevelt, the younger, has obeyed. The spirit of service was bred in him. He stands the embodiment of his father's devotion to public duty on the one hand, and on the other, of the gallantry of those Confederate uncles, whose daring feats have been his admiration since childhood.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD BATTLES

A youth beset with disadvantages. — The first rich man's son to find a way to leadership in American history. — The only city-born boy to reach the Presidency. — A long struggle against ill health. — Schooling interrupted. — Seeking strength in Europe and at home. — How he won the first and hardest of his battles and fitted himself to play a man's part in life.

THE boyhood of Theodore Roosevelt was beset with disadvantages such as few have had to overcome. It is true that he did not need to toil in the wilderness, as Washington did in his youth, or, like Lincoln, walk many miles to get a book to read. But struggles and privations of that kind are believed to have been the making of many of our foremost men.

Among all the youths born to wealth, Roosevelt alone has gained an important place in the history of our democracy. Shielded and pampered in youth, the average rich boy has no heart for the rude shock of manhood's battles, and learns with despair that there is no royal road to fame. "Theodore Roosevelt, a bright, precocious boy, aged twelve," the

family physician wrote in his "case book," and then remarked to his partner, "he ought to make his mark but for the difficulty that he has a rich father."

Not only have all our foremost men been without rich fathers, but Roosevelt is the first city-born boy to reach the Presidency. All of his twenty-four predecessors were country or village lads, and grew up where life was simple and the paths of duty plain. But a boy born in a big city opens his eyes upon a world that is like a tangled network.

In the primeval wilderness a boy's work is cut out for him. There are trees to be felled, houses to be built, stumps to be pulled, and soil to be turned. In the wilderness of a great city, where the hand must seek its task, the boy too often is lost while trying to find the thing that needs to be done. Thus of all the hundreds of thousands of boys native to New York one may count on his fingers the few who have found the road to fame. The men who achieve most in the city have come from the country, as a rule, and were trained in the country.

Ill health, however, was the first and greatest of all of Roosevelt's disadvantages. "When a boy," he has said, "I was pig-chested and asthmatic."

From earliest infancy he was called to battle with asthma. It lowered his vitality and threatened his growth. This was the longest and hardest of his fights. No encounter of his Rough Rider campaign, no wrestle with the Senate or the trusts or the bosses, has been equal to that conflict in his childhood with the grim enemy of health. But faith and will are his chief support in every contest he enters and they sustained him then. His body was frail, but within was the conquering spirit. He determined to be strong like other boys.

In this he had the loving help of gentle parents. On the wide back porch of their 20th Street home they fitted up a gymnasium, where he strove for bodily vigor with all his might. It is among the fond recollections of his family that although at the start his pole climbing was very poor, he kept trying until he got to the top. He would carry his gymnastic exercises to the perilous verge of the window ledge, more to the alarm of the neighbors than of his own family. "If the Lord hadn't taken care of Theodore," his mother would say, "he would have been killed long ago."

In the Roosevelt home the simple life reigned

always. But the summer was the season of Theodore's delight. Then he ceased to be a city boy. At his father's country place, "Tranquillity," some three miles from his present home at Oyster Bay, he learned to run and ride, row and swim. And when the long, sleepless nights came, the father would take his invalid boy in his arms, wrap him up warmly and drive with him in the free open air through fifteen or twenty miles of darkness.

He had his father's love of the woods and the fields, and he studied and classified the birds of the neighborhood until he knew their songs and plumage and nests. He and his young friends could be relied on to find the spot where the violets bloomed the earliest, and the trees on which the walnuts were most plentiful, as well as the pools where the minnows swarmed and the favorite refuge of the coon.

"I never wanted to go to school," he has admitted. Yet he never was a stranger to books, which he read quickly but thoroughly. He did not believe in skipping the big words merely because they were hard. That seemed to him too like shirking. His sisters still smile at the recollection of one characteristic instance, when he was a very little

chap in stiff white petticoats, with a curl on the top of his head. He was reading Dr. Livingstone's African travels, a ponderous volume of which he carried around the house in search of some one who would take the trouble to tell him what "foraging ants" were. At last he commanded attention and pointed out the term in the book which had aroused his curiosity. But it proved to be no new discovery in natural history. Dr. Livingstone had only referred to the "foregoing ants."

Weakness so often interrupted his studies that he took no pleasure in the competition of the schoolroom, although the records of the public school, which he attended for a time, give him 97 in geography, 96 in history, and 98 in rhetoric. Even 86 in spelling is pretty good for a spelling reformer. It is remembered by his teachers that he was strong in composition and declamation and that he had uncommon skill in map making. His schooling, however, was necessarily irregular, and he was prepared for college by private instruction.

He was taken to Europe in 1869 in the hope that it would benefit his health. "A tall, thin lad with bright eyes and legs like pipe stems," is the memory-

picture drawn by one who was a playmate of his on the ship. Again, in 1873, he crossed the seas and went to Algiers, for his weakened lungs were giving his family some concern and the warm African air was sought as a balm for them. By President Grant's appointment, his father was the American commissioner to the Vienna exposition in that year and Theodore, with his brother Elliott and sister Corinne, now Mrs. Douglas Robinson, were brought from Algiers to Dresden, in Germany, where they were placed in the home of a tutor.

This tutor interested Theodore because he was an old revolutionist of '48 and had suffered in prison for German liberty. He was, moreover, a member of the German parliament or Reichstag in 1873. It is recalled in this family that their young American guest was an eager and enterprising student, but not a brilliant scholar. Nevertheless, one member of the household has lived to vow that she predicted then that he would be President of the United States. "He seemed to pick up things, one did not know how." He delighted in the German classics and he laid the foundation for speaking German well, although his asthma, while in Dresden,

made uninterrupted conversation by him very difficult.

He took drawing lessons and showed an unusual interest in natural history. When the Roosevelts were leaving Dresden for Switzerland, it was found that Theodore's trunk was so filled with the stones he had collected that he had discarded some of his clothing. His mother thought it better to leave the stones than the clothes, but as fast as she threw them out of the trunk, the young disciple of nature picked them up and put as many of them as he could in his pockets.

Dresden has always remained a happy memory to Mr. Roosevelt, and just before entering Harvard he wrote to his old friends in Germany: "I shall not go into business until I have passed through college, which will not be for four years. What business I shall enter then I do not know." He did not need to cross that bridge until he came to it.

He had won the battle of his boyhood. He had vanquished the enemy and was ready to play a man's part in life. "I made my health what it is," he has said. "I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered

Harvard I was able to take part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred and I ran a great deal, and, although I never came in first, I got more out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself."

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE DAYS

Enters Harvard in 1876. — Welcomed by the select clubs, but popular with all his classmates. — Plucky boxing in the lightweight class at the gymnasium. — Pursues sport, not for success, but for his physical development. — A characteristic experience while teaching Sunday school. — Camp life with Bill Sewall in the Maine woods, where he learned to love the wilderness and brought himself nearer still to his constant goal, a vigorous body. — Graduates twenty-second in the class of 1880.

At Harvard, where he was a member of the class of '80, Theodore Roosevelt was neither a "grind" nor a trifler. His name and his means, two things that count for a good deal in Cambridge, gave him a chance to splurge. But his boyhood struggle had given him simple tastes, and he could not be a snob because he had been brought up to respect the feelings of others.

He selected two rooms in a lodging house near Harvard Yard and these he fitted up plainly. Instead of the unbecoming extravagance and frivolity, with which well-to-do students sometimes furnish their quarters, at an expense running into the thou-

sands, his were ornamented by the skins of stuffed animals and by rare birds which he himself mounted. He did sport a high and fancy trap, which was the latest fashion then, for he loved a horse, although he was not yet the master of the saddle which he afterward became.

All the more select clubs and societies took him in and his name was enrolled among the chosen few of his class in the Institute of 1770, the Porcellian and the Alpha Delta Phi, more renowned as the A. D., while he was secretary of the famous old Hasty Pudding Club. At the same time he is remembered pleasantly by that other and far larger part of his classmates, who were not of this coterie, although he had not yet gained the full measure of his active democratic spirit which his broader life out of college was to give him.

While he did not by any means make himself a stranger to the homes in Cambridge and in Boston, which were cordially open to him, his chief interests were apart from formal society. He welcomed the chance to meet his fellows in the friendly rivalry of vigorous sports, and to put to the test the strength and skill he had acquired on his back porch gym-

nasium at home. To develop the muscles of his legs, which were not yet the firm support that they were to be in his full maturity, he took to skipping the rope. Others caught the habit from him, and rope skipping passed into the fashion of the day. Wrestling was another of his hearty pastimes, and he pursued it as a science.

His boxing, however, is best remembered at Harvard of all his sporting activities. His delicate appearance amazed those who saw him make his first ventures with the gloves in the gymnasium. He weighed only one hundred and thirty and was a very doubtful-looking entry in the light-weight class. Besides, he had to go into combat with a pair of big spectacles lashed to his head, a bad handicap, which put his eyesight in peril every time he boxed. To offset this disadvantage, he aimed to lead swiftly and heavily and thus put his opponent on the defensive from the start.

Not a few old Harvard men recall a characteristic instance of Roosevelt's sportsmanlike bearing. He was in the midst of a hot encounter when time was called. He promptly dropped his hands to his side, whereupon his antagonist dealt him a heavy blow

squarely on his nose. There was an instant cry of "Foul, foul," from the sympathetic onlookers and a scene of noisy excitement followed. Above the uproar, Roosevelt, his face covered with blood, was heard shouting at the top of his voice, as he ran toward the referee, "Stop! stop! he didn't hear! he didn't hear!" Then he shook the hand of the other youth warmly, and the emotion of the little crowd changed from scorn of his opponent to admiration of him.

He may never have come in first, as he has said, but he was always so ready, even to meet the class champion himself, and took the knocks in such good part that he never was second in the regard of all who delighted in pluck. Moreover, he did not go in to win so much as to get out of the game all the fun and exercise he could. Sport for sport's sake was his standard. He did not adopt base ball, foot-ball, or any form of team work or spectacular display. He was spared, therefore, the fate of too many athletes, who let their play become the serious business of their college days, and whose false point of view works them a lifelong injury by stunting their minds and warping their characters.

Nothing better shows the even balance which Roosevelt kept than that while he was active in the gymnasium, he was also active in the Sunday school. He had joined the old church of his fathers, the Dutch Reformed, in New York, before going to Harvard. There being no church of his denomination in Cambridge, however, he took a class in an Episcopal Sunday school.

He had learned the spirit of service from his father. He must not live unto himself alone; he must feel he was doing something for others. He got along famously with his boys. When one of them came into the class with a black eye, the teacher questioned him earnestly about it. The boy explained, with manifest truthfulness, that his sister had been pinched by a boy who sat beside her. He had told the offender to stop and he would not stop, whereupon the gallant brother had fought for her.

"You did perfectly right," said Roosevelt, the muscular Christian, and he gave him a dollar as a poultice for the black eye. The class hailed this as a fine example of justice, and drew nearer than before to their teacher, for there is no way to get a firmer grip on a boy's heart than by taking his part in

battle. Some of the grave elders of the parish, however, hearing of the matter, were much displeased. In the end, Roosevelt left this field of labor and found a class in another Sunday school.

Another remembered incident of his Cambridge life shows how well he had gained that readiness to act in any situation, which is one of his marked traits at all times. A horse in a stable adjoining his lodgings aroused the neighborhood in the dead of night by a noise that indicated it was in sore trouble. Half a dozen men got up and dressed and went to the rescue, only to find, when they reached the stable, that Roosevelt was already on the scene and doing the needed thing to relieve the poor beast. For he had not stopped to dress nor even to take time to walk downstairs. He had gone to the rescue out of a second-story back window, and climbed down a piazza post in his night clothes.

Just before entering Harvard, Roosevelt, on the advice of two of his cousins, took a step which had a lasting influence on his life. They sent him down in Maine to their old guide, Bill Sewall of Island Falls. With this born woodsman he learned to know and love the wilderness. There he developed tastes

which later led him out into the wild West, to be a ranchman, a hunter, and finally the organizer of the Rough Riders, things which have done so much to shape his fortunes. Besides, he made a lifelong friend of Bill Sewall, as true a one as he can count among all his friendships.

Island Falls was then beyond the railway and on the very edge of the immense wild lands of the Pine Tree State. In that village the pale, stoop-shouldered young gentleman from New York made himself at home, and one of the villagers has declared: "Every one in the Falls liked him, for he was as plain as a spruce board and as square as a brick." He lived like a son in the simple home of the backwoodsman and tramped and camped with Bill as a chum.

The experience was an object lesson in democracy, which was not lost on his youthful imagination. It helped him to learn that no little caste of well-to-do city people and college graduates, no Four Hundred, could boast all the wisdom and virtue of the race. He found that there was much that a Knickerbocker could gain by association with an aristocrat of the forest. It recalls to mind the old,

old story of the learned man in the boat of the fisherman: —

"Don't you know the rules of syntax?" the pedant asked.

"No," the fisherman answered.

"Then one-fourth of your life is lost. Do you know algebra?"

"No."

"Then one-half of your life is lost. Do you know geometry?" But before the fisherman could confess his ignorance of this latter branch of learning, a huge wave upset the boat and cast both him and the professor into the water.

"Do you know how to swim?" he shouted to the professor.

"No," the poor man cried.

"Then the whole of your life is lost."

Roosevelt was learning to value men according to what they knew, rather than by what they did not know.

In his days with the Sewalls he did not go for big game and "he never could keep still long enough to fish." He shot his first deer while in the Adirondacks, and in Maine he was content to roam the

primeval forest, sleep with Bill in his hunting hut and bag enough birds for their meals. His guide had been appealed to by Theodore's cousins to watch that he did not try to do more than his strength warranted. But "he wouldn't let any one else lug his gun," Bill said, "or help him out in any way. He never shirked his share of anything, no matter how played out he might be. The boy was grit clear through."

Again and again he would return to his good friends in the woods for a vacation from college studies. Once at least he went only in time to save himself from a physical breakdown. Always he found abundant healing in the midst of nature and each time he brought himself nearer to his constant goal, a vigorous body.

When he graduated from Harvard he stood twenty-second in his class, which, by the way, was about the same as Grant's rank at West Point. He won few academic honors. No Commencement part fell to him and the only mention he received was in natural history.

In spite of the interruptions in his attendance at college, however, he had gained that first quality of

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success, the power to concentrate his interest and attention on the subject in hand. Often he would drop into the crowded room of a fellow-student for a visit, but, chancing upon a book that appealed to his attention, he would sit absorbed in it, without noticing what might be going on around him. Sometimes his entire call would pass in this way, and closing the book, he would hurry off, with an apology to the fellows. They all set him down as more or less crazy, on this account as well as on account of his various enthusiasms, which embraced several subjects, ranging from Elizabethan poetry to his rash impulses to run off on tiger hunts in India. Nevertheless, all respected his earnest, if somewhat irregular, devotion to scholarship.

CHAPTER IV

CHOOSING A CAREER

October 27, 1880, marriage of Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Alice Hathaway Lee. — A European honeymoon. — Setting up a home in New York. — Publishes his first work, "The Naval History of the War of 1812." — Death of Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, February 9, 1878, aged 46. — The son inspired by his father's memory to seek a life of service. — Gives up early ambition to be a professor of natural history. — Studies law and enters politics. — Fifth Avenue friends laugh at him for joining political club of his ward. — His novel campaign in the "Diamond Back District." — Elected to the Legislature in November, 1881.

GRADUATING from Harvard at twenty-one, Theodore Roosevelt went into the world, a fairly robust man, of strong character and high ambition. The choice of a career he left to the future. That he would have a useful one he was fully determined. He had no thought of returning to New York and swelling the ranks of the "unemployed rich."

He acted then in accord with the opinion he expressed in later years when he said: "There is nowhere in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, bent only on amassing a fortune and

putting his fortune only to the basest uses, whether these uses be to speculate in stocks or to wreck railroads himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel and his social position, foreign or native, for his daughter."

Roosevelt's noble father had died, but the memory of his life of duty was a living inspiration to the son. He, too, must find a chance to serve. More than once in the years that have followed, when he has done a thing which he deemed worthy of this example, so constantly before him, he has been heard to exclaim: "How I wish father were here and could see it!"

He had married in the autumn following his graduation a young lady whom he met in his Harvard days, Alice Hathaway Lee, the daughter of a notable Boston family of wealth and culture. After a honeymoon in Europe, where Mr. Roosevelt climbed the Matterhorn on a dare, the young couple went to housekeeping in New York.

There he loyally undertook to carry on his father's work. He became the secretary of the Prison Reform Association and joined in various philanthropic movements with which the elder Theodore Roosevelt

had been associated. But he soon found that Theodore Roosevelt, the younger, was quite another man and that the best way to honor the name was to find his own work and then do it in his own way.

He had not thought of becoming a writer of books. At Harvard, he was one of the editors of the college paper, the *Advocate*, but did almost no writing for it. The foundation of his first book was laid by chance. He was fond of both civil and military history. It was in the course of his reading along this line that he found a number of manifest errors in the history of the naval battles in the War of 1812. Merely to satisfy himself, he began an investigation of the facts. He diligently sought out every record of the conflict, on the shelves of the Harvard library, until he had gathered sufficient material for a new history of our sea struggles with Great Britain. This he brought out in two volumes the year after leaving college, and "The Naval History of the War of 1812" received praise both in England and America that was flattering to a young author in his twenty-third year.

When he first went to college and on his earlier visits to the wilds of Maine, Mr. Roosevelt's deepest

interest, among all his studies, was in natural history, and he was looking forward to fitting himself to be a professor of that branch of instruction. He had begun by learning the birds and trees and flowers around Oyster Bay, and at Harvard he took more pleasure in natural history than in any other part of his work.

Not only were his college lodgings decorated with birds, which showed his skill in mounting, but his tastes attracted some rather queer living companions of the insect and reptile species. His fellow-lodgers have a lively recollection of the alarm caused in the house once when an enormous tortoise was encountered in the hallway. It had escaped from Roosevelt's rooms and presumably was heading for the bath-room to get a drink of water.

On another occasion his active interest in this direction caused almost a panic in a street car, where some lobsters, which he was taking out from Boston for the purpose of scientific study, escaped from their package and introduced themselves to the passengers. That his devotion to this science continued to the end is shown by his having chosen natural history as the theme of his graduating essay.

But as he gained in physical strength his interests constantly broadened. The love of combat stirred in his blood and he began to think he might like a more aggressive life than that of a teacher. Bill Sewall says he told him to go into politics, and that Roosevelt finally agreed that it would be a good field for him if he could only find something to do in it.

"He who has not wealth owes his first duty to his family," he has since said; "but he who has means owes his time to the state. It is ignoble to go on heaping money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work for all — to the men of wealth, the doctrine of unremunerative work." That is the doctrine which he practised long before he preached it.

While he was joining in some amateur political movements among the young men of his acquaintance he took up the study of law, but with no serious purpose to make that his calling. It proved to be a part of his general training for the work which he was to do. He entered the law course at Columbia College, in the city, and at the same time studied in the law office of an uncle. At the lectures he showed the same earnestness which always marked his attention to any subject that he took up. A member

of the class has placed on record in an English magazine that Mr. Roosevelt frequently interrupted the lecturer with a request for more detailed information, and from this fact the writer argued that he was slow of wit. But it is barely possible that he had the courage to confess his ignorance where others in the lecture room chose to glide over the hard places in silence.

Meanwhile his interest in politics was steadily leading him in that direction. At the outset the prospect was not a pleasing one. To gain an entrance into public life was not an easy thing for a man of his stamp in the city of New York. In the small towns, where most of our successful public men make their beginning, it is simple enough for bright young men to get a chance to show what there is in them. Their friends and neighbors will start them, and if they do well, their community will push them.

There was, however, nearly a three to one majority against Mr. Roosevelt's party in his community, while, as for his friends and neighbors, they had nothing to do with politics, except to vote on election day. Hotel lobbies and barrooms, and not the

homes, were the political centres of New York. All nominations and honors were controlled by the bosses, who, with their machines, could have no more use for him than they had for his father, when they refused to accept him as the Collector of the Port.

Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt, with the faith which has overcome so many obstacles in his pathway, went into politics within a year after leaving college. A university education and foreign travel had left him still a simple faith in his country, an ardent type of Young America. He had none of that despair and disdain which culture sometimes gives a youth. He attended a Harvard dinner in New York years after leaving college, and a professor there told of an experience with such a man among the recent graduates. He had asked this graduate what he was going to do now that he had received an education. "Oh, really, do you know, professor," the callow citizen replied, "it does not seem to me that there is anything much worth while." Mr. Roosevelt, on hearing this story, was greatly wrought up, and striking the table a loud whack, declared "that fellow ought to have been knocked in the head." When he himself was a young

graduate he saw plenty to do and at once went about it.

He did not go into politics like some men of means whom he has since ridiculed and who "get together in a big hall where they vociferously demand reform as if it were some concrete substance which could be handed out to them in slices and who then disband with a feeling of the most serene self-satisfaction." He thought that political conditions should be made better, but he did not call upon some one else to make them better; he himself undertook to do his share of the hard work.

He determined to join his district political club. His Fifth Avenue friends laughed heartily. It was too funny for anything to think of a Roosevelt in ward politics. "You'll meet only the groom and the saloon-keeper there," they are remembered to have said. "Well," replied the youth, "if that is so, they are the governing class in this city then, and they rule you. They must be better men than you are."

His home at that time was at 55 West 45th Street, which was in the 21st Assembly district. The Republican club or association for that district met in

Morton Hall in 59th Street, near Fifth Avenue, and he said that the ruling classes he saw there were "a jolly enough lot." He had "a bully time," and was not at all afraid of soiling his hands. The "boys" did not understand "just what his game was," but they voted him a "good fellow," without any of the airs of the silk-stocking crowd.

Pretty soon he found himself in a hot debate at one of these meetings, and, from the applause which his speech received, he has confessed that he was confident of victory. But when it came to a ballot, the silent nod of the boss decided the issue, and the youthful politician was amazed to find his motion was lost by a vote of 95 to 3.

It chanced, however, in the fall, when it came time to send a man to the Legislature, that the bosses fell out among themselves and the little bosses made up their minds that if they could get Mr. Roosevelt's friends, his "swell friends," to come out to the primaries and vote for him, they could teach a lesson to the big boss, a man named Jacob Hess. But Mr. Roosevelt had not gone into politics to get an office before he earned it, and he refused to be a candidate. They were shrewd, however, and

they taunted him. Where was his public spirit, where was his sense of duty to the dear people? Then he offered to find some older man, who would stand as a candidate. All whom he called upon really could not think of doing it; they were too busy. Finally he himself had to go into the fight or be sneered out of the councils of the district. And he stood. Once he entered the fray, he went in to win, and it was not long before the old boss made a virtue of necessity and accepted him.

The district was a long, narrow strip of Manhattan Island, with Fifth Avenue running up the middle, and stretching from 40th Street to 80th Street. It was known as the "Diamond Back District," because of the wealth of its residents. In the same region William Waldorf Astor was running for Congress on the ticket which carried Theodore Roosevelt's name for the Legislature, and he was scattering his money and kissing all the babies on his way. Boss Hess very kindly came around to Roosevelt and offered to introduce him to his constituents. Naturally he started in with the saloons. Their first call was on a Sixth Avenue barkeeper, who assumed, of course, that if elected, Roosevelt would be against

raising the price of saloon licenses. The candidate, however, was not sure about it; in fact, he thought there was a good deal to be said in favor of a high license law, and the first thing the astonished Hess knew Roosevelt was arguing along that line with the indignant saloon-keeper. There was no use in trying to get votes for a fellow like that, and the boss gave up the electioneering trip among the saloons right there.

Thrown on his own resources, Roosevelt dropped that kind of campaigning and started in to canvass the homes of the district. The homes responded. Fifth Avenue caught the infection of the young man's enthusiasm. His friends rallied around him. Millionaires solicited the votes of their butlers and coachmen. There was a fusion of all sorts and conditions of people in the cause of the democratic young aristocrat, as there has since been in a far larger constituency, and Roosevelt scored an honorable victory on election day, while Astor, running for Congress, went down in a disgraceful defeat and left the country.

CHAPTER V

IN POLITICS

A member of the Legislature of 1882–83–84. — The youngest man in the House. — Fighting the bosses. — Nominated for Speaker, 1883, by the Republicans, who then abandon him. — "I was absolutely deserted." — But he does not sulk. — "My first real lesson in politics." — The Roosevelt Committee investigates New York City in 1884. — A great political victory. — Mr. Roosevelt Delegate-at-Large and Chairman of the New York Delegation in the famous National Convention of 1884. — Opposes Blaine's nomination for President, but does not leave the Republican party. — Retires from politics.

Mr. Roosevelt was only twenty-three and the youngest man in the Legislature when he took his seat at Albany. It was not long until he was one of the most widely known members, for he showed his fighting qualities from the start.

"It was a particularly disagreeable year to be in the Legislature," he has said. "The composition of that body was unusually bad." There arose a scandal concerning a judge, but the machine ordered silence. Roosevelt, however, moved his impeachment, and, standing alone, he pressed the issue, day after day, until on the eighth day the public opinion

of the state came to his support and his motion was carried by 104 to 6. Once beyond his reach, however, the measure was suppressed by the bosses, and when he came up for re-election, they started in to suppress him as well.

Many of the good people of his district, who vowed it was a shame for the machine to try to defeat him, could not be moved to give him any active assistance. One of them, who was wildly indignant that there should be any opposition to a good young man, when asked to stay at the polls on election day was very sorry that he had an engagement to go quail shooting. Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt was reëlected, although his party was routed almost everywhere, for that was the year in which the Democrats, under Grover Cleveland, swept the state by nearly two hundred thousand majority.

The new Legislature was Democratic, but the Republicans did the best they could for Mr. Roosevelt and gave him the honor of their nomination as Speaker. While this vote did not seat him in the Speaker's chair, it conferred upon him the leadership of the minority.

He did not hold that place long, however, for he

would not take orders from the bosses. The machine found him impossible; he "wouldn't listen to reason." It was in a vain appeal to him that a practical politician at Albany coined a phrase which became famous. This gentleman, in trying to remove Mr. Roosevelt's objections to a bill, urged him not to "let the Constitution come between friends."

"I was absolutely deserted," Mr. Roosevelt has confessed in a magazine article, describing this period in his life. He was the rising hope of all the reformers and idealists; but, alas, they were not in the Legislature. They generally contented themselves with staying at home and urging their ideals upon him by mail. One of them got in the habit of telegraphing him daily, but Roosevelt corrected this habit by sending him replies, hundreds of words in length — collect.

Deserted though he was, he did not sulk or give up the fight. When men would not follow him, he looked around to find men whom he could follow. If some one had a good bill Mr. Roosevelt would work with him for its passage. His spirit of manly fairness soon made itself felt, and other fair-minded

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members were willing to listen to him and join in behalf of his measures.

"That was my first real lesson in politics," he has said. "It was just this; if you are cast on a desert island, with only a screw-driver, a hatchet, and a chisel to make a boat with, go make the best one you can. It would be better if you had a saw, but you haven't. So with men. There is a point of course where a man must take his stand alone and break with all for a clear principle, but until it comes, he must work with men as they are." He had learned not only a lesson in politics, but in democracy as well.

He showed his readiness more than once to support Governor Cleveland, a Democrat. Once he supported the Governor when to do so he had to go against his own record. Even in those early days, Mr. Roosevelt was not overawed by wealth and corporate power and he voted to pass a bill reducing the fare on the Elevated road in New York to five cents. The Governor vetoed the bill, in a message which convinced Mr. Roosevelt that to reduce the fare would be a violation of the contract between the state and the railroad. He promptly acknowl-

edged that he had been wrong and that the Governor was right, but he gave the corporation small comfort, for in his speech he said he would sustain the veto because he was bound by the law and not because of any consideration for "the infernal thieves" who managed the company, and he denounced Jay Gould and his partners as of "the wealthy criminal class."

It was at this session that he heard the bitter cry of the crowded sweat shops of the city tenements. He went among them and their unfortunate dwellers and toilers and he told the Legislature what he had seen, with so much earnestness that a law was enacted in the direction of better conditions.

On his third election he found himself again in a Republican Legislature. He became a candidate for Speaker and, before the session opened, he went all over the state in the interest of his candidacy, seeing members in their homes. This directness was unusual in politics. Speakers were generally selected by powerful combinations which controlled the votes of the members. It was so in this instance. The men of power knew they could not trust Mr. Roosevelt to do their bidding, if elected to the chair, and their candidate won.

Although defeated for Speaker, the young member from the 21st, now an old hand at the business of legislation, became the leader on the floor of the House and the most influential man of the session. As Chairman of the important Committee on Cities, he investigated the city government of New York. The "Roosevelt Committee," as it was called, created a good deal of a stir in the metropolis. One of the city officials on the stand testified that he could not remember whether his campaign expenses were above or below $50,000. Another confessed that he was lawfully making $80,000 a year in his office. One direct result of the investigation was the stopping of all big salaries and fees under the city government.

Mr. Roosevelt joined the eighth regiment of the New York National Guard and became a captain. One of his lieutenants declares that he was the frankest young militia officer he ever saw. "While Roosevelt was drilling us," says the former lieutenant, "he would sometimes burst out with the exclamation: 'Hold on there a minute!' Pulling his book of tactics out of his hip pocket and flying through its leaves, while the entire company stood and waited and watched, he would look up the

points and then say: 'I made a mistake; this is the way to do it.' We simply couldn't laugh at a man who was as honest as that with us."

The most notable success won by Mr. Roosevelt in those years was scored in the election of delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1884. Nothing else shows so well how much he had gained in political skill. His fight began in his own district, which he had carefully organized in the course of his three years as a candidate for the Legislature. In this organization, he was one of some twenty or thirty loyal, wide-awake young men from all walks of life.

At the outset of his work in politics, he found some members of a political club to which he belonged, planning to blackball a man merely because he was a Jew. He jumped to his feet and roundly denounced them. He was plainly angry and he talked to them until they were ashamed of their purpose. When he sat down, the vote was taken. There was not a blackball and the man was not kept out because of his religion. This was then, as much as it is now, the Roosevelt spirit. "For myself," he has said, "I would work as quick beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendants of the Patroon."

Among his fellow-workers in his district could be counted a Columbia professor, a former Columbia oarsman, an Irish quarryman, a master-carpenter, the proprietor of a small store, a rich young merchant, the editor of a little German newspaper, two office-holders, a member of a Jewish synagogue, the son of a noted Presbyterian clergyman, and a young Catholic lawyer. By such a true American union of citizens under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership his organization controlled the district for years. It enabled him to defeat "Jake" Hess in 1884 and to go as a delegate to the state convention. There he and a few men like him, though greatly outnumbered, beat the old-timers in politics by a shrewd and daring movement and ran the convention. He was elected a Delegate-at-Large to the National Convention over a gray-haired United States Senator, and his fellow-delegates made him their chairman.

Thus it happened, to the surprise of the entire country, that this young man of twenty-five entered the famous Chicago Convention at the head of the delegation from the Empire State. Theodore Roosevelt had become one of the central figures on the national stage. At the very opening session he

was drawn into the contest over the selection of the temporary chairman of the convention. The national committee, whose duty it was to call the convention, had proposed a man to preside over it. Mr. Roosevelt joined with those who rebelled against this choice and who wished to confer the honor on a negro delegate from Mississippi.

In support of this motion, he made a stirring speech before the great assemblage in the convention hall, saying in conclusion, "It is now, Mr. Chairman, less than a quarter of a century since, in this city, the great Republican party, for the first time organized for victory, nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, who broke the fetters of the slave and rent them asunder forever. It is fitting for us to choose to preside over this convention one of that race, whose right to sit within these walls is due to the blood and treasure so lavishly spent by the founders of the Republican party." The negro candidate was chosen, but Mr. Roosevelt lost the great battle of the convention when it nominated James G. Blaine for President.

It was indeed a hard choice for him. He and his associates had opposed Mr. Blaine with so much

earnestness and on such grounds that it was impossible for them to support him in the campaign with any enthusiasm. Most of them left the Republican party rather than vote for its new standard bearer, and, in the language of the time, became Mugwumps. Grover Cleveland had been nominated by the Democrats, and the Mugwumps supported him loyally. None of them knew Mr. Cleveland better or perhaps more favorably than Mr. Roosevelt. But he believed that the future of the country, within his generation at least, would be in the keeping of the Republican party and he had no faith in Mr. Cleveland's party.

After much anxious thought, he announced that he would vote the Republican ticket, although he did not attempt to take any active part in the campaign for Mr. Blaine. The Republicans were defeated in the election and Mr. Cleveland was elected, the first Democrat to be chosen President in twenty-four years. Mr. Roosevelt's Mugwump friends were jubilant. He retired from politics, not, however, to nurse his disappointment, but to open an entirely new chapter in his life.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE WILD WEST

While a member of the Legislature, he responds to the call of the wilderness and goes buffalo hunting on the Plains. — A tenderfoot who amazes the plainsmen by his hardihood. — He sees the Wild West in the golden age of its romance. — A vast empire of fenceless pastures. — The cowboy, the picturesque child of the great cattle country. — A typical cow town. — The young New Yorker falls in love with the desert and buys a ranch.

NATURE ever has been the favorite teacher of Theodore Roosevelt. Although he is a university graduate, although books always have been his constant companions, he has learned the greatest lessons of life, as Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and most of the leaders of the nation learned them, from his contact with men and with the world in the rude school of experience.

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

He had learned to know the birds and trees and flowers of Long Island in his boyhood and he had

delighted in the wilder life of the Adirondacks and of the Maine woods. In the strength of his manhood, he longed for hardier exploits. He had been enthralled by James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Series. Deerslayer, with his long rifle, Jasper, Hurry Harry, Ishmael Bush, with his seven stalwart sons, were to him like personal friends. "I have bunked with them," he has said, "and eaten with them. They were mighty men and they did the work of their day and opened the way for ours."

After leaving college, he joined the Meadowbrook Hunt Club and became a gallant rider to hounds. But the call of the wilderness came to him louder and louder. He wanted the real thing and could not be content with the fashionable imitation. The people of his mother's blood had battled with the southern wilds all the way down to the jungles of Florida. His younger brother, Elliott, had been on a great buffalo hunt in Texas and later had come back from India with the most distracting tales of his tiger hunting.

Finally, between legislative sessions, Theodore surrendered to his impulses and started for the Wild West. He left the train in North Dakota at

the little town of Medora. It was typical of that frontier. There were a few wretched shanties for the settlers and a number of low log buildings for the United States troops, who were there to guard the railroad builders from the Indians. On every side of this rude hamlet, the bare clay buttes, the term which the French pioneers had given to the big hills of that country, rose sheer several hundred feet from the level of the village and made the place seem all the more desolate.

The young visitor from the East sought out two hunters and told them that he wished to go buffalo hunting with them. They were not sure about him. The average Eastern tenderfoot never cared for more than a little buckboard ride over the country to see some of its natural wonders. They doubted if this one knew just what he was bargaining for. Hunting the buffalo then was no fancy pastime, for the lordly bison was fast vanishing, and to hunt him required long trips away from human habitation. One of the guides has recalled that there was something in the "set of his jaw" which assured him that the stranger meant business.

But could he stand it? "He was a slender young

fellow," this man has said, "and I had my doubts whether he could hold out on a long trip. I expected at least to have to take care of him, saddle his horse, see that he got his grub regularly, and all that sort of thing. I soon found I was mistaken in my man. He paddled his own canoe from the start-off."

The test came the first night out. While the party was asleep, each member with his head on his saddle for a pillow and his horse tied by a rope to the saddle horn, a pack of howling wolves came up and the horses took fright. They ran wildly away, jerking the saddles from under the sleeping heads as they galloped off. The tenderfoot was up and after the runaways, as quickly as either of his guides, and he won the enthusiastic approval of his comrades on that hunt, taking the good and bad as it came and bearing his lot without grumbling.

It was, in truth, a rare chance to see the Wild West in the last glow of its golden age. Soon it was all to vanish and pass into the most romantic chapter of American history. It was Mr. Roosevelt's good fortune to stand on a frontier that even now we can find only in books. Half a dozen years before he visited it in the upper Dakotas the Indians alone

had possessed it. To-day it is lost in the great realm of civilization. He saw it, and the wild freedom of the vast desolation conquered him.

It was surely the strangest land our race ever dwelt in, — that immense cattle country, whose fenceless pastures stretched from Mexico to British North America and embraced all or parts of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota. At first it was set down in the geographies as a hopeless desert and afterward was believed to be fit for nothing but stock raising.

It was all one great pasture in the day of Mr. Roosevelt's buffalo hunt, and the branding iron took the place of fences. There was little rain, and only short, wiry grass would grow on the parched land. Trees found no place where they could take root except in the very beds of streams, which were dry most of the time. The earth leaped up into steep, barren hills or tumbled into deep valleys. No scenery could be more monotonous, no solitude more dreary.

Yet the cow country held its scattered dwellers in its spell quite as much as the sea holds those who

Mr. Roosevelt as a Hunter in his Ranching Days

follow it. Most of the people of the plains came from the South and the middle West. But it lured the adventurer from the East and from all lands and from all conditions of life. The college-bred from the older states, and the younger sons of European nobles were in the mass of ranchmen and rustlers, half-breeds, and greasers.

There was a French nobleman at Medora, the Marquis de Mores, and the town took its name from the marchioness. The proprietors of the herds lived like Arab sheiks, each with his own brand, which all honest men respected. These cattle barons seldom owned more than a small part of the range over which their beasts grazed, most of it being "free grass" on United States land not yet surveyed. When their branding irons had burned the sign of their ownership on hip, shoulder, or side of a four-legged creature, any one imitating or ignoring the brand was severely punished. Any unbranded cattle belonged to him who would affix his brand to them.

The cowboys might on occasion become the terror of a town, but it must be said that as a rule they were careful of property rights. They hated thieves and

rowdyish loafers and would kill them as readily as they would kill a snake. The cowboy was a most picturesque figure. As he sat free on his little pony, his knees hardly bent for his long stirrups, the keen eyes in his wind-tanned face searching the horizon, he was a fit subject for the art of the sculptor. On his legs he wore leathern overalls, big revolvers peeped out from under his belt, and a brilliant silk handkerchief was wound about his neck, while a broad-brimmed hat was tilted on his head and big spurs jingled at his heels. He was as simple and free from guile as a child, but as proud as a lord.

His pay usually was $40 a month and the only use he had for a town was to spend his money in it. Mr. Roosevelt in one of his books of the Wild West has drawn a moving picture of such a town in Miles City, a typical cow town, thronged at times with ranch owners and cowboys, hunters from the Plains, trappers from the mountains in buckskin shirts, stage drivers vain of their fame, blanketed Indians, miners, gamblers, horse thieves, desperadoes, and every kind of "bad men."

It was the lonely and pathless plains that thrilled Mr. Roosevelt with a new joy and opened up to him

a new life. In "The Wilderness Hunter," he has described the feelings of a man who, like himself, has been brought within the strange charm of that boundless world: "In after years there shall come forever to his mind the memory of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sun; of vast snow-clad wastes, lying desolate under gray skies; of the melancholy marshes; of the rush of mighty rivers; of the breath of the evergreen forest in summer; of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter; of cataracts roaring between hoary mountain passes; of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness and of the silences that brood in its still depths."

Before his first visit was at an end, he had become a ranchman. He had listened, with increasing interest, to the gossip of his two hunting companions about ranches and ranching. One night he asked them how much money it would take to go into the business. They told him it would spoil the looks of $45,000. Then he asked how much of that sum would need to be in cash, and they answered that $10,000 would be enough. In this talk they had in mind a particular place, the Chimney Butte ranch.

The next morning he informed the plainsmen that he had resolved to own a ranch and that he was ready to draw a check for the first payment of $10,000.

This was a characteristic thing for him to do, to push the transaction to a conclusion while his impulse was warm and to pick these men without references, solely on the strength of his own experience with them.

CHAPTER VII

AS A RANCHMAN

He turns from domestic sorrows and political reverses, in 1884, to a new life in the solitude of the great cattle country. — Bill Sewall joins him at Elkhorn Ranch on the Little Missouri. — His immense herds. — Hard work on the round-up. — In the saddle for twenty-four hours. — Sleeping in the snow. — Fighting the prairie fires. — Bronco busting. — The long battle for health completely won.

RANCH life began in earnest for Mr. Roosevelt with his political disappointments in 1884.

A far deeper shadow was cast over his life by domestic sorrows in that year. In February, his mother died and two days afterward his wife passed from life as her daughter entered it. By this double blow, he lost his new home and his old. He turned to his public duties with added zeal. When, however, the faction which he opposed gained control in the Chicago convention, and under its leadership his party rushed to defeat at the polls, he faced westward and eagerly welcomed toil and solitude on the distant banks of the Little Missouri.

Ranching became his business rather than his

pastime and he entered upon the rugged life of the plainsman. He sent for his old friend of the Maine woods, Bill Sewall, and they went to work together. While keeping his ranch at Chimney Butte, a few miles below Medora, he set up another, many miles above that town. There, on a bluff above the Little Missouri, where he found the skulls and interlocked antlers of two big, round-horned elk, who had fought until they perished, he built him a log house and called the place Elkhorn Ranch.

In front of his veranda there was a line of cottonwood trees, which shaded it from the burning sun, and a few feet beyond, the shrunken river flowed. Deer would stare through a little cottonwood grove at night and the noises of many wild things broke the stillness. He raised his chickens and eggs, produced the milk and butter for his table, and grew potatoes enough for his needs, and sometimes other vegetables, when the drought, the frost, or the grasshopper did not prevent. He and his men got their meat with their guns. They cut the firewood and dug the coal for Elkhorn on his ranch. He increased his herds until thousands of head of cattle bore his brand of the Maltese cross.

These cattle of the cow country were driven up over the trails from Texas in immense numbers, and were fattened for the market on the rich grasses of the Dakotas, as in earlier times they had fattened on the virgin prairies of Illinois and Iowa. No fences confined them to their owner's range. Wherever they roamed his brand protected his ownership. Sometimes they would wander for hundreds of miles and not be captured for a year or more. Twice a year Mr. Roosevelt, as the custom was, would round up all the Maltese herds for the purpose of branding the calves that had been born since the last round-up and for the purpose of "cutting out" all the cattle fat enough to be shipped to market.

On these round-ups Mr. Roosevelt himself has done his share of the hard work. Each day the wagon, carrying the food for the men, would move to a new point, and thither the cowboys would drive in all the cattle they could find. Often this meant a fifty-mile ride in a morning. Many herds would be driven in at noon and into one big band. In the afternoon, the work of branding and selecting would be done, and then all, except those held for shipment, would be loosed till the next round-up several

months off. The beeves, retained for the market, would be driven along with the wagon, day by day, and at night each cowboy must stand his watch over them for two hours.

A stampede was always to be feared, and at every sign of uneasiness in the herds, the cowboys would try to quiet the beasts by singing to them. Mr. Roosevelt tells in his books of perilous times with his herds, when furious storms raged and panic seized upon the huddled mass of steers. In such emergencies he has kept to his saddle for twenty-four hours at a stretch, only dismounting long enough to get a fresh pony or to snatch a mouthful of food. He made it his business to endure the hardships as well as to enjoy the pleasures of ranching, and on the round-up he has slept out in the snow, wrapped in blankets and tarpaulins, but with no tent to shield him from the freezing cold.

Prairie fires were among the terrors of ranch life. Mr. Roosevelt has told how he helped to fight one of those conflagrations in the cattle country. The wind had lulled at sunset and the fire, which lit up the night with a great reddish glow, was burning in a long, wavy line, when he and his men shot a steer

and opened its carcass. He and another man then mounted their horses and started on opposite sides of the line of fire, with the beef lying flat on the earth between them, bloody side down. Thus they dragged it along by ropes reaching from its legs to their saddle horns. One of the horsemen spurred his horse over the burning grass while the other rode on the unburned ground, and the weight of the blood smothered the flames as the beef was twitched over them, while two men following on foot beat out whatever fire was left with slickers and wet saddle blankets.

It was not easy for Mr. Roosevelt and his companion to manage their almost crazed horses and keep the carcass on the line. The man on the burning side had to run the risk of a scorching. The horses bucked and bolted and the ropes cut into the thighs of the riders. Down they would plunge into a black ravine, which broke the line of fire, stumbling, sliding, and pitching into holes and bushes, the carcass sometimes catching on a stump; and then up they would leap into the blinding glare of the flames on the other side. When at last the fire was turned, the fighters would sink down, too tired to think of washing their blackened faces.

After only a little experience in ranching, Mr. Roosevelt learned to sit in his saddle and ride his horse like a life-long plainsman. But he never has pretended to any special fondness for a bucking bronco, and a story is told of a trick played on him by some friendly persons in Medora. He was in town waiting for a train that was to bring a guest from the East. While he was in a store, the jokers placed his saddle on a notoriously vicious beast which they substituted for Mr. Roosevelt's mount. When he came out, in haste to ride around to the railway station, he did not detect the deception.

Once he was on the horse's back, he was made instantly aware of the change. The bronco bucked and whirled, to the amusement of the grinning villagers. But to their amazement, the young ranchman succeeded in staying on him and spurring him into a run. Away they flew to the prairies and soon back they raced in a cloud of dust and through the town. The friend from the East arrived and joined the spectators, who waited to see if the young squire of Elkhorn ever would return. In a little while he was seen coming along the road at a gentle gait, and when he reached his starting point, he

dismounted with a smile of quiet mastery from as meek a creature as ever stood on four legs.

He had no use, however, for a horse whose spirit ran altogether to ugliness. When he first went West, he doubted the theory of the natives that any horse was hopelessly bad. For instance, there was one in the sod-roofed log stable of Elkhorn who had been labelled "The Devil." Mr. Roosevelt believed that gentleness would overcome Devil. The boys thought it might if he should live to be seventy-five. After much patient wooing, Devil actually let Mr. Roosevelt lay his hand on him and pat him. The boys began to think that possibly there was something in this new plan of bronco busting.

One day, however, when his gentle trainer made bold to saddle and mount him, Devil quickly drew his four hoofs together, leaped into the air and came down with a jerk and a thud. Then he finished with a few fancy curves that landed his disillusioned rider a good many yards in front of him. Mr. Roosevelt sprang to his feet and on to the back of the animal. Four times he was thrown, and one of the onlookers has vowed that sometimes he could see twelve acres of land between him and the saddle.

Finally the determined rider manœuvred Devil out on to a quicksand, where bucking is impossible, and when at last he was driven back to solid earth he was like a lamb.

In this rough life of the range the young ranchman conquered forever the physical weaknesses of his youth and put on that rude strength which has enabled him to stand before the world, a model of vigorous manhood.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE ON THE PLAINS

The young master of Elkhorn Ranch wins the respect of the honest plainsmen by his Rooseveltian frankness. — No use for "bad men." — Knocking down a bar-room rowdy who commanded the Easterner to treat the crowd. — Calling down a notorious shooting man. — Teaching a French Marquis a new code of honor. Plain speaking to a corrupt sheriff. — Pursuing horse-thieves a hundred and fifty miles and landing them in jail. — Fourth of July oration. — Hunting and writing his two pastimes.

THE young master of Elkhorn Ranch, brave, outspoken, and always ready to bear his full share of toil and hardship, was not long in winning the respect and hearty good-will of the bluff, honest men of the Bad Lands. They forgave him his Murray Hill breeding, his Harvard English, his gold-rimmed eye-glasses and his fringed Angora "chaps," or riding overalls, when they saw that he asked no favor, shirked no labor, and ran from no danger. They, the real plainsmen, had no more use than he for braggarts and brawlers, and he never hesitated to show his contempt for the swaggering "bad men" of his region.

While he was yet a stranger in the cattle lands the chance was thrust upon him to let it be known that he could not be bullied. It was in a tavern, where he was obliged to stay over night, and where the bar-room was the only lounging place. A noisy loafer, with pistols sticking out from under his belt, and breathing slaughter, picked on the quiet, blue-eyed Easterner as the butt of his rough jests. As Mr. Roosevelt did not resent his talk, the bully finally made bold to order him to step up to the bar and treat the crowd to drinks. Mr. Roosevelt seemed not to object even to this form of insult and he came forward as if meekly to obey the command.

No one could know that as he crossed the room the stranger was studying a good old Harvard left hander, which, in another second, knocked the big ruffian flat on the floor. The pistol, which the fellow fired when, too late, he saw what was coming, went off harmlessly in the air. He looked up into the face of the "four-eyed tenderfoot," as the latter stood over him, ready to knock him down again, and there was a sickly grin on the once terrible countenance of this sadder but wiser "bad man." When he had handed up his "shooting irons," he was permitted

to rise and disappear from the scene of his humiliation, where all the spectators assured Mr. Roosevelt that he had "served him right."

Because he found himself in a community where many were supposed to go about with their fingers on the triggers of their "guns," Mr. Roosevelt did not seem to change his habits of plain speaking. The older inhabitants of the Plains were amazed more than once by the frankness with which he stood up to men with several notches on the handles of their revolvers. The editor of *The Bad Lands Cowboy* has told of a scene of this kind which took place in his office, where Mr. Roosevelt used to drop in and gossip with his widely scattered neighbors. He had listened with manifest disgust to the low talk of one of the most noted "bad men" in the country, on the occasion which the editor has recalled.

Mr. Roosevelt knew that this man had well earned his repute for badness and was always ready to shoot up things on the least provocation. Nevertheless, when he was thoroughly tired of the fellow's tales, it did not occur to him to be afraid to say so. On the contrary, he looked him straight in the eye and, speaking in a low voice and "skinning his teeth,"

said: "Jim, I like you; but you are the nastiest-talking man I ever heard." This candor took the breath away from the men who were sitting around the office, and every eye was on Jim's right hand to see if he would pull his "gun." Instead of that, they saw a sheepish look come into his hard face and heard him say, in a tone of apology: "I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt, and I am not beholden to you for anything. All the same, I don't mind saying that mebbe I've been a little too free with my mouth." Jim knew that he had been told the truth for once, and without fear and without malice. He always remembered it to the credit of the man who had dared to speak what he thought, and remained a loyal friend of Mr. Roosevelt.

This Rooseveltian directness was just what the Wild West most liked in him, and, instead of making trouble for him, it saved him trouble on more than one occasion. Once it prevented a duel. The Marquis de Mores, the French adventurer, who had come to the Bad Lands a little ahead of Mr. Roosevelt and who, besides starting a big ranch, had erected immense abattoirs and refrigerators at Medora, was ambitious to be the lord of the land.

This ambition brought him into conflict, from time to time, with his independent neighbors.

He found offence once in a report that came to him of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct, and he sent him a note, saying, "There is a way for gentlemen to settle their difficulties." Mr. Roosevelt of course understood the meaning of this language in the duelling code. But he ignored the challenge, because he was not a duellist. He promptly wrote to the Marquis that the report was a lie and that a gentleman had no right to believe such a thing without evidence. Moreover, he informed him that within an hour he would follow this note in person. When Mr. Roosevelt rode upon the ranch of the French nobleman, some ten or fifteen miles from Elkhorn, a courier met him with the Marquis' apology and an urgent invitation to dinner. By this simple method of "settling difficulties between gentlemen" no one was killed or scratched and the old-fashioned aristocrat was instructed in a more modern code of honor.

Mr. Roosevelt carried his frankness even to the point of telling a sheriff, whom he believed to be corrupt and worthless, just what he thought of him

as a public official. Too often the men of the Wild West had to take the law into their own hands in order to protect themselves. One committee of vigilantes shot or hanged nearly sixty outlaws. Mr. Roosevelt believed in order on the Plains quite as much as in New York, and, when occasion offered, he did his part toward suppressing disorder out there.

Once, on returning to his ranch, he found that some horse-thieves, in making their escape, had taken his boat. They felt sure that this would make them safe from pursuit because there was no other boat. Bill Sewall, however, built a rude craft in great haste, and on this he and Mr. Roosevelt and another man started down the Little Missouri. They floated probably for one hundred and fifty miles before they saw the camp of the fugitives.

Mr. Roosevelt, unseen, stole ashore and upon the camp. When near enough he cried, with his weapon pointed, "Hands up, or I will shoot!" The only man about the place was asleep, so it chanced, and, thus rudely awakened, he was in great alarm. He rolled over and over on the ground, in his anxiety not to be shot. He proved to be no more than a poor tool of the robbers and could

hardly make himself understood in English. The thieves, two in number, made their appearance towards dark. They were in the stolen boat. Mr. Roosevelt and one of his men crept down by the river, where they sprang from their hiding as the outlaws drew near and covered them with their guns. There was nothing for the men in the boat to do but to throw up their hands and surrender.

Nearly a week was required to take the captives to the county seat, a distance of two hundred miles. The boats stuck in ice-jams and were almost upset. Each night a fire was built on the river bank and the two culprits were compelled to lie on opposite sides of it, while Mr. Roosevelt sat on watch until midnight and the rest of the night was divided between his two assistants.

Any one who knows the spirit of the Plains in the primitive days does not need to be told that examples like these of pluck and frankness made Mr. Roosevelt a great favorite. For twenty years and more, the men of the Bad Lands have sworn by his name. They were proud to have him as their Fourth of July orator at Dickinson, the county seat, in his ranching days, and his friendships were made among all

sorts and conditions of people. He has set down in his books such striking names of friends as Dutch Wannigan, Windy Jack, and Kid Williams.

For more than twelve years he kept Elkhorn Ranch, and his love of the grim and boundless plains of the cattle country grew deep. He hunted all over it and the Rockies beyond. Sometimes he would take his rifle and go off alone for three or four days, with only a slicker, or waterproof coat, behind the saddle, and some salt and hardtack as his sole provisions.

Once it chanced that he had no water to drink for twenty-four hours, and then he must slake his thirst in a muddy pool. There were times when he had to work so steadily through the day that his only opportunity to hunt came at night, and then he has been known to come in, pick up his gun and hasten away without losing time for supper. If too tired from the day's labors to stalk in the evening, he could rock on the veranda, listening to the sounds of wild nature, or gaze at a far-off chain of buttes, fantastically outlined in the moonlight, or if the weather was cool, throw himself at full length on the elk-hides and wolf-skins before the open fire.

The wild, harsh sounds of the wilderness became

music to his ears; "the guttural booming and clucking of the prairie fowl and the great sage fowl in spring," are among the notes he has described in his books, and "the honking of gangs of wild geese, as they fly in rapid wedges; the bark of an eagle, wheeling in the shadow of storm-scarred cliffs; or the far-off clanging of many sand-hill cranes, soaring high overhead in circles, which cross and recross at an incredible altitude. Wilder yet and stranger are the cries of the great four-footed beasts; the rhythmic pealing of a bull elk's challenge, and that most sinister and mournful sound, ever fraught with foreboding of murder and rapine, the long-drawn baying of the gray wolf."

While most of his Wild West days were given to action, Mr. Roosevelt never was without his books. Even when he went forth with nothing but hardtack to eat and nothing but his buffalo bag in which to sleep, he was likely to find a place somewhere for a book or two. Moreover, his best writing was inspired by the Plains. In the quiet times on the ranch he wrote, at first for the magazines, stories of his legislative experiences and of his ranching and hunting. In that period, too, he wrote the "Life

of Thomas Hart Benton," the first statesman from beyond the Mississippi; and the most important contribution he has made to historical literature, "The Winning of the West," was an inspiration of the Dakota plains.

CHAPTER IX

REËNTERS POLITICS

Called from his ranch to be a candidate for mayor of New York in the fall of 1886. — Defeated, but satisfied with his lively campaign. — December 2, 1886, marries Miss Edith Kermit Carow in London. — The bride and groom friends from childhood. — Her English and American ancestors. — On the stump for Harrison in 1888. — Appointed on the National Civil Service Commission, May, 1889. — A fighting member, he has pitched battles with postmasters and collectors, representatives and senators, and even a Cabinet officer.

BESIDE the open fire at Elkhorn, Mr. Roosevelt read in a New York newspaper that he had been nominated for mayor of the great metropolis by the Independents. That was in the fall of 1886. He accepted the recall to public duty and started at once for the East. His own party gave him its nomination and he stood as the Republican candidate for the chief magistracy of New York.

There was small hope of success at the polls in a constituency so strongly Democratic. Nevertheless, he went in as if he meant to win, and soon the ranchman from the Bad Lands was going from ward

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to ward of the city, speaking in halls and in the streets.

When the expected defeat came, Mr. Roosevelt, free from disappointment and satisfied with the lively canvass which he had made, sailed for England. There, shortly after his arrival, he led to the marriage altar Miss Edith Kermit Carow. The ceremony was in famous St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, and it was performed by a canon of the English Church, who was a cousin of the bride.

Although she is an American and a New Yorker, Mrs. Roosevelt's great-grandfather, Benjamin Lee, was an Englishman who served in the British navy in the war of the American Revolution. For disobeying orders, which he thought were unjust to prisoners in his care, he was sentenced to be shot, and his life was saved only by the intercession of a fellow-officer, who afterward was known as William IV., the sailor king of Great Britain. Lee came to America and rose to be a captain in the navy of the United States.

Another great-grandfather of Mr. Roosevelt's bride fought under General Putnam at Bunker Hill.

Mrs. Roosevelt also may trace descent to the family of Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated divine. The name Carow was originally Quereau and was borne by a family of French Huguenots, who settled in New York about the time that the Roosevelts came from Holland.

Mr. Roosevelt had known Edith Kermit Carow from his early boyhood. Her home was not far away in Union Square and she and his sister Corinne were schoolmates. She was a cultivated young woman, who had travelled a good deal. At the time of their marriage, she was twenty-five and he had lately passed his twenty-eighth birthday. All who knew them and their sympathetic tastes foretold the happiness which has attended their union. After a stay in Europe, lasting several months, Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York, where he took up his literary work and renewed his political connections.

The bosses had no more use for him now than in earlier years. They would not think of giving him a chance to get into any position where his independence would make trouble for them. When they were distributing honors, nominating members

of Congress or sending delegates to conventions, they carefully ignored him.

A celebration of a reform victory in the politics of the city of Brooklyn gave Mr. Roosevelt a chance to do a characteristic thing. He told the jubilant reformers a little story of how a man of their city, who had stood for reform, had been neglected by them. This man was Peter Kelley, a Democrat, who had been a member of the Legislature with him and who had taken his stand for the right so boldly at Albany that the bosses had barred him from office and from all chances to get ahead.

Kelley's health had failed, but Mr. Roosevelt did not, of course, tell how he had personally looked after his welfare and helped to keep him from actual want. He did tell his audience, however, that the people, in whose cause Kelley made his sacrifice, had forgotten him, and, addressing the newly elected officials, told them that they owed it to good government to seek out this martyr in their city and honor him. When he sat down, many of them came to him, and the mayor said he would hunt up the man at once. The next day Mr. Roosevelt received a letter from the mayor, saying: "At nine o'clock last night

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OAKLAND

I told you I had a place for Peter Kelley. He died at eleven."

Mr. Roosevelt still owned Elkhorn Ranch, and for several years more he passed most of his vacations on the Plains. His active ranching days, however, were over. The time had come for him to settle down as a man of family and to give to the public service some of that vigor which he had gained in the Wild West.

He went on the stump for General Harrison in the presidential campaign of 1888, and when the newly elected President was forming his administration, he offered his services. He hoped to be appointed Assistant Secretary of State. But Mr. Blaine, who had been made chief of that department, objected to the young anti-Blaine leader in the Chicago convention of 1884, and President Harrison tendered him a place on the Civil Service Commission, which he accepted. No politician cared for this thankless task. But he moved to Washington and entered upon his duties with characteristic energy.

The Commission was in small favor. It had been established only a few years, its work was little un-

derstood, and some of its opponents still hoped that it would be abandoned and the old patronage system restored. Under that system, the tens of thousands of government employees, from highest to lowest, clerks, letter-carriers, and every kind of public servant, were chosen by favor and were in constant peril of losing their places to newer and stronger favorites. No one could get the smallest appointment unless he was a member of the party in power and had influence with some leader in politics. At each election, every office-holder, from scrub-woman up, was assessed a certain portion of the salary received, for the benefit of the campaign fund.

Mr. Roosevelt was one of the chief enemies of the patronage or spoils system. As a lover of fair play he hated it, and he was the author of the first law which sought to abolish it in New York. He took up the work of the new system in Washington with such zeal that he soon drew the fire of all its opponents. He was never the head of the Commission, but, while he remained on it, he was the favorite target for all the criticism which its work incurred. It was looked upon by every one as a Roosevelt commission.

The duty of the commissioners was to see that the

civil service law was enforced throughout all the departments, regardless of the unfriendliness of many of the department chiefs and congressmen and senators. Certain rules prescribed the methods of selecting government employees by competitive examinations, fairly conducted and open to all. There was a constant struggle all over the country to evade these rules, and to slip in political favorites without examinations. This gave Commissioner Roosevelt plenty of fighting to his taste. He had pitched battles with influential postmasters and collectors in various parts of the country, with powerful congressmen and senators and with at least one member of the President's Cabinet itself.

In a magazine article he sketched the kind of persistent warfare that he was called on to wage: "There is a certain order of intellect — sometimes an order of senatorial intellect — which thinks it funny to state that a first-class young man, thoroughly qualified in every respect, has been rejected for the position of letter-carrier, because he was unable to tell the distance from Hong Kong to the mouth of the Yangtsekiang, or answer questions of a similar nature. A senator, for instance, makes statements

of this character. I then write to him and ask him his foundation for such an assertion. Presumably he never receives my letter, for he never answers it. I write him again with no better results. I then publish a contradiction in the newspapers. Then some enterprising correspondent interviews him and he states the question is true, but it is beneath his dignity to reply to Mr. Roosevelt."

While Mr. Roosevelt was a member, the Commission adopted many common-sense measures aimed to bring public employment within reach of the people of all sections and of all parties. It began the custom of holding examinations all over the country for clerkships in Washington. Then, when a large number of members of Congress voted against a proper appropriation for the expenses of the Commission, Mr. Roosevelt cured them of their hostility by discontinuing the examinations in the districts from which they came. He argued that if the Commission was not to have enough money, it was only fair to spend what it had on the districts whose representatives had shown by their vote that they desired the service.

Southern members, being Democrats, and not of

the party in power, were generally suspicious of the Commission. Mr. Roosevelt assembled the correspondents of the Southern press, and, through them, said to the people of that section: "This is an institution not for Republicans and not for Democrats, but for the whole American people. It belongs to them and will be administered as long as I stay here in their interest without discrimination." The young men of the South responded to this open invitation and began to take the examinations and receive appointments, all of which had the effect on public opinion which Mr. Roosevelt had sought. The Southern people knew his national reputation for saying what he meant and they took him at his word.

When an independent mayor was chosen in New York, Mr. Roosevelt was anxious to have a hand in the government of his native city. At first he was offered the place of Street Cleaning Commissioner. He thought he had no special fitness for the work of that department and declined the appointment. Then he was appointed President of the Board of Police Commissioners, an office which he accepted with enthusiasm.

He had been six years on the Civil Service Commission at Washington and naturally felt that he had done all that he could in that work. He had seen the service greatly extended and had done more than any other man to make the system understood and appreciated by the people at large.

Incidentally, he had gained a close insight into the organization and operation of the entire executive department of the national government, a rare experience which would serve him well in due time.

CHAPTER X

AT THE HEAD OF THE NEW YORK POLICE

President of the New York Police Commission, under Mayor Strong, from May, 1895, to April, 1897. — Wrestling with one of the most corrupt bodies in the world. — Stopping blackmail and political influence. — Loafing patrolmen surprised by the Commissioner at all hours of the night and in all sections of the city. — Enforcing the Sunday liquor law. — Turns German jeers into cheers. — Praise from the saloon-keepers. — The boon to the poor of the East Side from closing saloons on Sunday. — Seizing unfit tenement houses. — Protecting an anti-Jewish agitator with Jewish policemen.

As president of the New York Police Board, Mr. Roosevelt was only one of four members. He went to work with such vigor, however that the public held him responsible for the entire Commission. The mayor himself was overshadowed. National attention was drawn to a merely local office, and the press of the country discussed this police commissioner and his running fight for law and order in the metropolis, as a subject of general interest.

A Washington newspaper correspondent, describing his call at the office of the Commission in Mulberry Street, wrote: "Theodore Roosevelt is

the biggest man in New York to-day. I saw a steady stream of men going up and down stairs, which led to the second floor of the police headquarters. It was the crowd which moves in and out of Mr. Roosevelt's rooms all day long. He has more callers than the President of the United States."

Mr. Roosevelt was, in fact, the commander of a little army in the field, an army charged with the duty of battling with the swarming enemies of the peace in a great city. This army had its scouts, or detectives, its patrolling sentries, its mounted cavalry, even its naval squadron in the waters surrounding the island of Manhattan, and its lieutenants and captains. Unfortunately there were traitors in the ranks. A committee of the Legislature had only lately investigated it, and the people all over the land were shocked by the stories which it brought out, stories of officers and privates in league with all kinds of law-breakers.

Men to whom the city had looked for protection were shown to be partners with thieves, gamblers, and disorderly persons, who were allowed to prey upon the city and who divided their plunder with the police. For this, more than for all else, the voters

had turned Tammany Hall out of power and elected the new city government under which Mr. Roosevelt had taken service.

His first purpose was to establish order and honesty in the police force. He found that most of the men wished to do right. But all were demoralized by the conditions under which they worked. There had been a regular and well-known price for promotions. A man could not be appointed a policeman until he had paid from $200 to $300, and to be promoted to a captaincy cost as high as $12,000 to $15,000. To get their money back they had to blackmail the lawless elements in the population.

Mr. Roosevelt instantly stopped the system of paying for promotions. He punished the guilty members of the force without fear or favor and advanced the deserving without regard to outside influence. No amount of political pressure could make him spare the corrupt or reward the unworthy.

It was not long before the suspicion and even the hatred with which the police had viewed him in the beginning turned to confidence and even affection among the well-meaning patrolmen. They saw that at last every man had a show on his own merits.

Intrigue was at an end. The new man at headquarters did not care anything about their politics or race or religion, or give the snap of his finger for aldermen and political leaders. Any one of the thousands under him could walk into his office and be heard. The policeman without a powerful friend and with only a clean record to speak for him, at last stood some chance against those who relied on political pull.

A deed of daring would bring a medal or perhaps a promotion. An old veteran on the water front saved a life by plunging into the icy harbor. The Commissioner looked him up and found that in all he had saved twenty-eight lives and never had received a word of praise. On the contrary, he had frequently ruined his uniform and been obliged to buy a new one. It was at once made a rule of the department that any man risking his life for another and spoiling his clothes should be clothed anew at the expense of the city.

Mr. Roosevelt was not a mere desk official. He went forth to see for himself how his men were doing their duty. He appeared unexpectedly in all kinds of places and at all kinds of hours. At first he had

some very amusing experiences with surprised policemen.

A patrolman, sitting on a box with a companion in a poor part of the East Side at 2.30 one morning, was startled by a man whirling upon him from around the corner and snapping out, "Patrolman, are you doing your duty on post 27?" Then he was gone as quickly as he came, the astounded patrolman running after him, and stammering his excuses. "That will do," Mr. Roosevelt said. "You are following me off post. Go back to your beat, now, and report at headquarters at 9.30 in the morning."

On another night investigation a roundsman was come upon, gossiping with two patrolmen, whom he was charged to oversee.

"Which of you men belong here?" the unheralded visitor demanded.

"What business is that of yours?" was the insolent reply.

"Which of you is covering beat 31?" the inquiring stranger persisted. He had turned and the rays of the gas at the corner now lighted his face. Then all three recognized him and tried to speak at once, while he hurried on, with the parting command:

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"You may call on me at 9.30 in the morning. I haven't time to listen to you now."

These midnight visits, which led some wit to call him Haroun al Roosevelt, spread a wholesome terror among the neglectful. The police began to look for their restless chief at every corner, and the fear with which they peered through the night for a gleam of his teeth introduced that now familiar Rooseveltian feature to national notice for the first time. The cartoonist delighted in picturing scared policemen "seeing things at night" in the form of a set of teeth shining in the inky darkness.

There was a labor strike and he went among the strikers. He attended a meeting of the strike leaders. In the course of the conference, a hot-headed man spoke rather lightly of the possibility of a riot if the terms of the strikers were refused. Commissioner Roosevelt squarely met this issue by saying with much earnestness: "Gentlemen, I have come to get your point of view and see if we cannot agree to help each other out. But we want to make it clear to ourselves at the start that the greatest damage any man can do his cause is to counsel violence." Then, bringing his fist

down upon the counsel table, this guardian of the peace concluded: "Order must be maintained, and, make no mistake, I will maintain it." No one who heard these words could doubt their meaning or force. They went forth into the streets and had a greater influence for order than the clubs of a thousand policemen.

Mr. Roosevelt found, soon after entering upon his duties, that no amount of vigilance on his part could make the force honest unless the Commission itself honestly tried to enforce all the laws alike. The law directing the closing of liquor saloons on Sunday never had been enforced against a large number of favored saloon-keepers. The public sentiment of a city as big as New York and made up of so many different races, with customs which they had brought with them from foreign lands, seemed opposed to a complete and impartial shutting of the doors of bar-rooms on Sunday.

No commission ever had pretended to apply the law to "friendly" places. Nearly two-thirds of the leaders of Tammany Hall were or had been in the liquor business and any saloon-keeper with sufficient influence was never troubled. Finally any one who

would pay enough blackmail could keep open, while all who did not succeed in satisfying the police were arrested if they tried to do any business on Sundays.

Mr. Roosevelt determined to wipe out this source of corruption by compelling the police to close all saloons. He expressed no opinion on the merits of the law itself, and adopted the policy of enforcing it chiefly for the sake of stopping the old policy of unfair discrimination and general blackmail. There was a furious outcry against him and his Puritan Sunday. He was ruining the prosperity of the city and turning New York into a sleepy little village. Moreover, it was absurd for him to think that he could stop Sunday liquor selling in New York.

After a few weeks the plan ceased to be absurd, because the saloons were shut tight as drums. It was an impressive example of Rooseveltian efficiency. His success, however, did not please the enemies of the law, and Mr. Roosevelt doubtless thought he was but stating a plain fact to an old Harvard friend, who called on him at the time, when he said, "You may consider me politically dead."

The Germans, so numerous and powerful in New York, were up in arms against Mr. Roosevelt's

policy. A monster parade was planned as an expression of their protest. Invitations were sent to all the city officials, but when Mr. Roosevelt appeared on the reviewing stand, there was amazement. The people there were no less amazed than one of the paraders, a veteran of the Franco-German War, who, unaware of the presence of the man against whom he was marching, shouted as he approached the reviewing party, "*Wo ist der Roosevelt?*" ("Where is Roosevelt?") The old fellow was dumfounded to see the smiling face of the Commissioner looking down upon him, and to hear him answer: "*Hier bin ich. Was willst du, Kamrad?*" ("Here I am. What do you wish, Comrade?") He recovered in time to "Hoch! Hoch!" for Roosevelt, who beamed with good nature throughout the hostile demonstration.

When two carriages passed, one bearing a sign, "Roosevelt's Razzle Dazzle Racket," and the other a card reading, "Send the Police Czar to Russia," he despatched a policeman to beg the gift of them as souvenirs of the occasion. The men in the carriages were bewildered by the request, but obligingly granted it.

Before the parade was ended the crowd caught his spirit and there were cheers for him from those who had come to jeer. "Bully for Teddy!" "He's all right!" and "Good boy!" he heard them shout, and as he left the stand he could truthfully assure the committee that he had had "a bully time." After all, there was something those sturdy German citizens liked besides their Sunday beer, and that was a man unafraid.

Mr. Roosevelt had heard much from the press and the politicians of the awful wrong he was doing the working people by closing the "poor man's club," the saloon, on the only day of rest. He made up his mind he would pass a Sunday in the tenement-house districts and see for himself the effect of his policy. He went into the tenements and heard from the lips of women their gladness that the men were no longer lured from home on the one day when they could be with their families. Savings banks reported increased deposits, and pawn shops a poor business. The great Bellevue Hospital, for the first time in its long existence, had not a single case on Monday due to a Sunday brawl. Employers said that they never before had been able to begin the

week, as now, with a full force of men for their shops. Happy mothers took their children from public institutions, where they had been placed in terror of drunken fathers.

Even the liquor-dealers, yes, the saloon-keepers themselves, through the editor of their official paper, were moved to say: "The present police commissioners are honestly endeavoring to have the law impartially carried out. They are no respecters of persons. And our information from all classes of liquor-dealers is that the rich and the poor, the influential and the uninfluential, are required equally to obey the law."

There were thirteen thousand saloons in New York. Before Mr. Roosevelt took office hundreds of those saloons were compelled to close. In the year previous there had been more than ten thousand arrests for violations of the Sunday liquor law. At the same time thousands of saloons, paying hundreds of thousands of dollars in blackmail, were allowed to keep wide open. Under Mr. Roosevelt all alike were closed, and it was done without making half as many arrests, while that form of blackmail ceased entirely. It was an impressive example of law enforcement and the "square deal."

There was a tenement-house law, which had been as much ignored as the Sunday law. This statute authorized the destruction of unfit tenements, "infant slaughter houses," as they had been rightly termed. Many of them had been duly condemned, but they were still standing when Mr. Roosevelt came into office. As President of the Police Board he had a seat on the Board of Health, and he promptly seized fully one hundred wretched and crowded hives of the helpless poor. The effect of his measures was shown in the lower death rate. In one neighborhood it fell from thirty-nine in a thousand to sixteen, which was less than the general rate of mortality for the whole city.

One more lesson in the "square deal" was taught by Mr. Roosevelt, when a notorious foreign agitator came to New York. This person, who was widely known as a "Jew baiter," or as one who went about stirring up hatred and strife against the Jewish race, was to open a campaign in the United States. His first speech was to be delivered in New York, and his friends came to Mr. Roosevelt with an appeal for police protection. "He shall have all the police protection he wants," the Commissioner assured the delegation.

Then he sent for a police inspector and said: "Select thirty good, trusty, intelligent Jewish members of the force, men whose faces most clearly show their race, and order them to report to me in a body." When the thirty chosen representatives of the chosen people stood before him a broad smile of satisfaction spread over his face, for he had never seen a more Hebraic assemblage in his life.

"Now," he said to these policemen, "I am going to assign you men to the most honorable service you have ever done, the protection of an enemy, and the defence of religious liberty and free speech in the chief city of the United States. You all know who and what Dr. Ahlwart is. I am going to put you in charge of the hall where he lectures and hold you responsible for perfect order throughout the evening. I have no more sympathy with Jew baiting than you have. But this is a country where your people are free to think and speak as they choose in religious matters, as long as they do not interfere with the peace and comfort of their neighbors, and Dr. Ahlwart is entitled to the same privilege. It should be your pride to see that he is protected in it; that will be the finest way of showing your appreciation

of the liberty you yourselves enjoy under the American flag." The thirty saluted and marched silently off on their novel duty.

When the Jew baiters came to the hall, looking for a mob of Jews, they could hardly believe their eyes, for they saw the place guarded at every approach and the interior lined by those uniformed Jewish protectors. The agitator and his followers walked between rows of stern, solemn Jewish policemen, standing mute and stiff as statues. The Jews, moreover, who came bent on disturbing the meeting, were restrained by the mere presence of their brethren, who stood before them charged with the duty of keeping the peace. When one did let his angry passion rise above control, a Jewish policeman quietly reached for him and firmly threw him out of the hall. The meeting failed utterly from lack of opposition, and the great national movement against the Jews was ruined, at the outset, by Mr. Roosevelt's illustration of the virtues of Jewish citizenship.

The Republican party was now once more in power at Washington, and Mr. Roosevelt, feeling that he had done what he could for the police department of New York, resigned from the Board, again

to serve in the broader field of the national government. The standard of honesty which he set in police affairs has not since been lowered, without disastrous results to those responsible for it. He showed the people of the city that wholesale graft was not a necessary evil, and the lesson has never been forgotten.

CHAPTER XI

GETTING READY FOR WAR

April 19, 1897, appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. — The bosses reluctantly let him have an office where "he can do no harm." — The prophet of the coming war with Spain. — "Sharpening the tools of the navy." — Reorganizing the naval personnel. — Giving the "men behind the guns" a chance to learn how to shoot. — President McKinley and his Cabinet invite the ardent Assistant Secretary to a Cabinet meeting and are much amused by his advice as to how the war may be avoided. — Buying vessels. — On the War Board. — The war comes, and he leaves his desk to go to the front, resigning May 6, 1898.

MR. ROOSEVELT did not seek one of the higher stations in the administration of President McKinley. Although he had been in public life more than fifteen years and had a national reputation, he never had asked for or received any honorary appointment. Many young men of wealth and education are willing to take only fancy assignments at European courts, where, as ministers or secretaries of embassies, they can "loaf around a throne." Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, had always avoided the soft berths, and had sought places where he could work and fight

and learn. This was all he asked now of his party, when, once more in complete control of the government, it was distributing, with a lavish hand, the honors of office.

It was well that he was so modest in his ambition. For it must be admitted that the political leaders distrusted him as much as ever. His outspoken independence annoyed them. They never could be sure what he would say or do next. Their lack of confidence had been communicated to the country generally, which looked upon him as an honest and patriotic man, but impulsive and unsafe. To give him a free hand in a place of power was a thing unthought of.

Fortunately, he was content merely to serve, and he asked for nothing more than the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy Department. This was a place in small demand, for it promised little in salary or fame. Mr. Roosevelt, however, never had made his living in a public office, and as for fame, he had found that it was sure to follow him wherever he made himself useful to the public. No office, however obscure, could bury a man of his restless spirit.

Nevertheless, it looked for a while as if he might

be refused even an assistant secretaryship, and Senator Platt of New York was reluctant to forego his objection to the appointment. The "easy boss," as Mr. Platt styled himself, finally was persuaded not to oppose Mr. Roosevelt's appointment to an office where he "could do no harm."

As for Mr. Roosevelt, he was attracted to the place by his early interest in the American navy, whose gallant deeds in the War of 1812 he had recorded in his first historical work. Moreover, he felt that it was urgently necessary to strengthen this arm of the service as a means of national defence, and he welcomed the chance to have a hand in its upbuilding. In his opinion the country was in grave danger of a conflict with Spain, and he believed it was none too soon to place the navy in readiness to meet an enemy in open war. He had watched the course of the rebellion against Spanish rule in the neighboring island of Cuba and he foresaw the possibility that we would be drawn into a strife so near our own door. President Cleveland had offered peaceful counsels to Spain, and she had haughtily rejected them. Congress had almost unanimously expressed its sympathy with the Cuban revolutionists. The outcries

of the starving and the imprisoned, stirred our people and swelled the popular demand that our government should stop the useless warfare, which was making a desert of a fertile island, closely bound to us in trade.

On the other hand, although our ships were patrolling the coast in an honest effort to prevent the shipment of arms from our ports to the Cubans, Spain constantly complained that we were helping her rebellious subjects, contrary to our treaty pledges and the law of nations. This was the sensitive condition of affairs when Mr. Roosevelt applied for a place in the Navy Department, and the conditions grew worse with each succeeding month.

One of the first tasks which he took up, when seated at his new desk, was the reorganization of the system of rank and promotion among naval officers. This represented a long-standing grievance, which many men had tried to redress, but all efforts had failed from a lack of agreement among the officers themselves. Mr. Roosevelt was made chairman of a board charged with the duty of bringing the conflicting elements into harmony and of establishing a just system. The swiftness with which he despatched

the work made many gray heads swim in the slow-going department. By his fairness and diplomacy, however, he soon won the confidence of the rival branches of the naval service and brought them together in support of a plan which was adopted, to the great relief of all concerned.

Target practice was another subject to which the new Assistant Secretary gave prompt and vigorous attention. The navy had its big ships with their big guns, but the "men behind the guns" had little chance to learn how to fire them. Mr. Roosevelt saw that a liberal supply of ammunition was issued, and with it went orders for target practice. A committee of Congress, which asked what had been done with so much powder, was told by Mr. Roosevelt that he had burnt it all up and that he wanted as much more for the same purpose.

He was battling all the time with the red tape of the department, for which he had no more respect than for a tangle of weeds at his feet. A board of officers, with which he had to meet, tried his patience sorely. One day, as the other members were leaving, after a long and useless session, Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if Noah had been obliged

to consult such a commission as this about building the ark, it wouldn't be built now."

With the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana it was no longer possible for the most conservative to ignore the gravity of the situation in the Antilles. Mr. Roosevelt now found a more ready support in his work, which he described as "sharpening the tools of the navy." That awful disaster made it plain to nearly every one that our own peace and safety would remain in peril as long as we suffered this neighborhood quarrel to rage about us. The activity of the Navy Department was instantly increased, and Mr. Roosevelt came to be hailed as the prophet of the occasion. The following despatch, sent only ten days after the sinking of the *Maine*, is part of our naval history:—

WASHINGTON, February 25, 1898.

DEWEY, HONG KONG:

Secret and confidential. — Order the squadron, except the Monocacy, to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war with Spain, your duty will be to see that Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep Olympia until further orders.

ROOSEVELT.

Some persons in high places were alarmed or amused by Mr. Roosevelt's militant spirit. President McKinley, for one, was inclined to smile at his impetuous Assistant Secretary. When Spain collected a fleet of warships, Mr. Roosevelt advised the President to tell her frankly that if she sent them across the Atlantic this government would regard it as an act of war. Mr. McKinley laughingly told his Cabinet about it. "Roosevelt has the whole programme of the war mapped out," he said. The Cabinet liked a joke as well as the chief, and the President was urged to summon the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to the meeting. Mr. Roosevelt went before the assembled wisdom unabashed, and vigorously expounded his view of the proper measures to be taken. When he retired, President McKinley looked around the Cabinet table with an amused expression, whereupon three or four of the members laughed outright. It was too good a joke to keep, and by night the clubs were let into it, and all the town could chuckle over this latest Rooseveltian outburst.

Notwithstanding the merriment of the capital, it is fairly safe to assume that if Mr. Roosevelt had been in authority he would have warned Spain against

sending the fleet, and there is at least a possibility that war might have been averted by such a bold stroke of frankness. The sailing of the ships was a hostile act aimed at this country alone, for, as Mr. Roosevelt told the Cabinet, there was no other navy than ours in these waters. The Cubans had no boats and were nowhere in range of naval guns.

If Mr. Roosevelt did not prevail in council, he was able to do much toward getting the navy ready for what he was convinced was the inevitable. "His activity was characteristic," Secretary Long has said. "He was zealous in the work of putting the navy in condition for the apprehended struggle. His ardor sometimes went faster than the President or the Department approved." It certainly went faster than the other arm of the service, the War Department, for the total unpreparedness of the army, when hostilities began, stands as one of the unhappy chapters in the history of our military administration.

It was Mr. Roosevelt's special duty to buy vessels for the navy to be used as transports and for carrying coal and supplies. He expended millions of dollars

in this work. The prices put upon the boats by their owners were often shamefully unreasonable, and at times Mr. Roosevelt could not repress his hot indignation toward those who thus took advantage of their country in time of war.

His last assignment in the Department was as a member of the War Board, charged with the duty of moving the ships and watching the enemy. But when the war came he said: "There is nothing more for me to do here. I must get into the fight myself. It is a just war, and the sooner we meet it, the better. Now that it has come I have no right to ask others to do the fighting while I stay at home."

Dewey had won his signal victory at Manila, and all the country was exultant with pride over the efficiency of our navy. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt's work in the Department was done, and it had been a work of prime importance. "If it had not been for Roosevelt," said Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, "we would not have been able to strike the blow we did at Manila. It needed just Roosevelt's energy and promptness." Now he must

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

throw himself into the strife of arms, for this man, "with the dash of Henry of Navarre," as Secretary Long said, but "without any of his vices," must obey the sage: —

> Go put your creed into your deed,
> Nor speak with double tongue.

CHAPTER XII

ORGANIZING THE ROUGH RIDERS

Roosevelt is offered the command of the First Regiment United States Volunteer Cavalry, "The Rough Riders," but asks that Leonard Wood be made colonel and he lieutenant-colonel. — Sworn in May 6, 1898. — The plainsmen and mountaineers aflame to join the unique regiment. — College-bred youths of the East equally eager to enlist in the ranks. — May 9–19, 1898, Rough Riders organized at San Antonio, Texas. — The strangest comrades ever gathered under the flag. — A New York clubman cooking for a New Mexican troop. — Swells and cowboys, gamblers and Indians, shoulder to shoulder. — Queer mascots at San Antonio.

BEFORE he thought of raising a regiment of his own, Mr. Roosevelt tried other ways of going to the war with Spain. At first he wished to be appointed on General Fitzhugh Lee's staff, but finally preferred a place in the line. He turned to New York, in the hope that he might be made one of the field officers of the 71st Regiment from that state. The Governor, however, was embarrassed with many applications.

At last, he adopted the plan of recruiting a regiment among the men of his old Wild West, and Secretary Alger offered to make him the colonel of such a command. Roosevelt's only military experience,

however, had been gained in a four years' service with the New York militia, in which he had risen to a captaincy. He wisely reflected that, while he was learning his new duties, the army would go off to Cuba, and leave him and his regiment behind on the training field. He therefore asked the Secretary of War to appoint him lieutenant-colonel and make Leonard Wood the colonel. Wood was a surgeon in the regular army and had been the physician in attendance on President McKinley. Although war was not his business, he had led a body of troops against the Apache Indians in an emergency and won a medal of honor. In the course of his service he had picked up a sound general knowledge of army methods.

Roosevelt and Wood had never met until the former came to Washington as Assistant Secretary. They had then been immediately attracted to each other, and soon became fast friends. The surgeon had been fired with an ambition to lead a relief expedition to the Alaskan mining region on the Klondike the winter before, and had urged Roosevelt to join him. They were now equally eager to serve in the war, and Wood had tried in vain for an appointment

from his own state, Massachusetts. He welcomed the chance to join his friend in raising the Western regiment, and, with high ardor, they entered upon their duties.

The office of the Assistant Secretary in the Navy Department took on the air of a cavalry camp, with its saddles and bridles and spurs strewn about, and its air of martial bustle.

The plan of a Western regiment set the plainsmen and the mountaineers aflame with excitement. They telegraphed offers of their services, singly and in hastily formed bands. People began to speak of the picturesque organization as "The Rough Riders," a term borrowed from the circus. The idea seized upon the imagination of adventurous Eastern youth. From the South, and indeed from all directions, applications flowed in a torrent.

No one caught the contagion of the Roosevelt spirit more quickly than the college athletes of the East. Young men of education and fortune pressed more earnestly for a chance to serve in the ranks under Roosevelt, than to gain commissions from the President as officers of other commands. While he had to decline applications by the thousands,

Mr. Roosevelt determined to accept a sufficient number of picked men, of athletic tastes, from the older states to form a troop.

A most remarkable lot of private soldiers they proved to be, when they came to Washington to be mustered in. There were among them graduates of all the famous colleges, members of the most fashionable clubs of New York and Boston, and troopers from the fancy mounted militia of the big cities. There were the celebrated tennis champion and the next best player; a captain of a Harvard crew and one of his men; two foot-ball players from Princeton; two noted track athletes from Yale; two polo players from Mr. Roosevelt's old team at Oyster Bay; a celebrated steeplechase rider from New York; a captain of a Columbia crew, and there were New York policemen, anxious to serve again under their old Commissioner.

As this unusual troop was about to be mustered in, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt addressed a few remarks to them in this vein: "Gentlemen: You have now reached the last point. If any one of you doesn't mean business, let him say so now. An hour from now it will be too late to back out. Once you are in,

you've got to see it through. You've got to perform, without flinching, whatever duty is assigned to you, regardless of the difficulty or the danger attending it. You must know how to ride, you must know how to shoot, you must know how to live in the open. Absolute obedience to every command is your first lesson. No matter what comes you mustn't squeal. Think it over, all of you. If any man wants to withdraw, he will be gladly excused, for there are thousands who are anxious to have places in this regiment." It is needless to say that no one backed out. The lieutenant-colonel added, "There are not enough tactics for all, but I will give you these to study in the cars." With this he shot the little books at their heads as if they were bullets aimed at the enemy.

The newly made soldiers were then turned over to a veteran sergeant of the regular army, who had charge of them on their journey to San Antonio, Texas, where the Western troops of the regiment were already assembled. Naturally some of them did not fall at once into army ways. One engaged a section in the sleeping-car, and at the station in Washington seated himself comfortably in the Pullman.

"Take your things back there," the old sergeant

said to him, as he jerked his thumb toward the ordinary day coach provided by the government; "that's where you belong." There was no "squealing;" the high private abandoned his section, saluted, and went back in the train, to find half a seat in which to bunk all the way to Texas.

When the men from the East arrived at San Antonio, they were permitted to have one last taste of their accustomed luxuries. They went to the best hotel and ordered the best breakfast that the house could serve. After they had eaten it they declared, "It's all off after this," and cheerfully entered upon the simple life of the camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, after succeeding in getting the very latest arms and equipment, with smokeless powder, joined the regiment and took up the work of getting it into shape for service. He found the most strangely assorted command that ever had assembled under the stars and stripes. With the exception of fifty men from the East, the force was drawn from the great cattle country, which he knew so well, and from the mountains which he had roamed on his hunting trips. The men had come from lonely hunters' cabins and shifting cow camps.

The captains and lieutenants were sometimes graduates of the regular army, who had settled in the West. Other officers had been sheriffs and deputy sheriffs, United States marshals and deputy marshals, men who had fought Indians and white bandits.

Captain "Bucky" O'Neill, mayor of Prescott, Arizona, had faced the Apaches, and his father had fought in Meagher's brigade in the Civil War. Captain Llewellyn, of New Mexico, had been shot four times in battles with Indians and outlaws. Major Brodie was a West Pointer, who had been out of the army for twenty years. Allen Capron was fifth in descent from father to son who had served in the army. Lieutenant McIlhenny was a Louisiana planter, who owned an island. Captain Jenkins of South Carolina was the son of a Confederate general. Captain Luna of New Mexico was a pure-blooded Spaniard, although his people had lived in New Mexico before the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth. Sergeant Darry had been Speaker of the House in the Legislature of New Mexico. There was a big Australian who had served in the bush, and there were a half-dozen Texas rangers. Some were professional gamblers of the frontier.

There were Cherokee Bill, Happy Jack, Smoky Moore, Rattlesnake Pete, and there were Cherokee, Chickasaw, Creek, and Pawnee Indians. There was an ex-city marshal of Dodge City, Kansas, whose ear had been "bitten off," as he explained. A sharpshooter from the North Carolina mountains and a bear hunter from Wyoming mingled with a buffalo hunter, a pursuer of moonshine stills, stage drivers, miners, and cow punchers. One man had been chief of scouts in the Riel Rebellion, in the Canadian Northwest, and there was McGinty, a famous bronco buster, who couldn't keep step on parade for the simple reason that he had walked so little. A trumpeter was an Italian who had been a soldier in Egypt and China.

After a few days of reserve on both sides, the curled darlings of the Eastern cities and the bronzed rustlers from the Wild West were merged in an indistinguishable mass of good fellowship. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt found his old friend Woodbury Kane, huntsman and yachtsman, serving as cook and dish-washer for some New Mexicans, and "doing it well," as one of his superiors said. The Westerners delighted in giving ironical nicknames to the Easterners.

A fastidious member of an Eastern club became "Tough Ike," and his bunkie, or tentmate, was a cow puncher. A young Jew was called "Pork Chops," and so on.

Josephine, a mountain lion from Arizona, was a favorite of the regiment. Her sway was disputed by an eagle from New Mexico, who flew wherever he wished or walked up and down the company streets. He was young and had been taken from his nest when a fledgling. He could beat off Josephine at any time. There was a worthless cur of a dog, who was harried a good deal by the lion, although sometimes he would make bold to turn upon her and overawe her with a steady gaze.

There was, however, much less play than work, hard, hot work in the dusty field. The regiment was worked night and day, and the men were not spared for a minute, in the determination to make them worthy to be taken with the first army of invasion. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt slept under his shelter tent in his poncho and blanket. He disdained any comfort which his men could not have and ate as they ate and slept as they slept.

He and the officers proved themselves strict dis-

ciplinarians. Colonel Wood hated to do it, but for the man's own sake, he felt obliged to rebuke his Cherokee cook, who one day bawled out, "If you fellers don't come pretty soon everything 'll get cold." One child of the plains was so totally incapable of observing regulations in his new life that he was finally sentenced to six months' imprisonment. When the time came for the regiment to move, he begged so hard to be allowed to go, that the lieutenant-colonel said, "All right; you deserve to be shot as much as any one and you may come along." On receipt of marching orders, Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt embraced in their delight, and all the camp was wild with joy.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST BATTLE

May 29, 1898, the Rough Riders leave San Antonio. — Arrival at Tampa, Florida, June 3. — Wood and Roosevelt, triumphing over the general confusion, get aboard the transport *Yucatan*. — Half the regiment and all the horses left behind. — Landing on Cuban soil, June 22. — A forced march to the front under the tropic sun. — "Wood's Weary Walkers." — The first fight at Las Guasimas, June 24. — The Rough Riders targets for an unseen foe. — Their heroism in their baptism of fire. — The country thrilled by the stories of the regiment's exploits. — Indian and cowboy, miner and college athlete, all in a common grave.

THE Rough Riders, with their animals, started from San Antonio in seven trains. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt waited for the last train and made the journey in a common old day coach, having given his sleeping-car berth to a sick soldier. They were four hot days and nights on the road to their destination at Tampa, Florida. Only three days' rations had been issued to them, and the dirty cars were awfully overcrowded.

Long delays occurred at nearly every possible point, and the lieutenant-colonel talked to some railroad officials, whom he encountered, as if they were Span-

iards. In his spare moments he whiled away the time with a copy of M. Demoulin's "Superiorite des Anglo-Saxons." The men were pleasantly diverted by the enthusiastic receptions which awaited them throughout the South. Cheering crowds greeted them everywhere in Dixie, sometimes as early as four o'clock in the morning, and the pretty girls, with armfuls of flowers, coaxed away nearly all the buttons on their uniforms.

Worn out and hungry, the regiment was landed many miles from its proper destination. Thence the troopers made their way on their equally tired horses to a point back of the big hotel in Tampa, where they camped. The lieutenant-colonel did not avail himself of the fair chance to take up his quarters comfortably in the hotel, but shared the lot of his men, as he had done in Texas and on the sultry train. In the confusion which reigned at Tampa, he himself furnished many of the needed supplies, and when asked by the Commission of Investigation, after the war, if he had been reimbursed by the Department, he replied, "Oh, Lord, no; that was a personal matter."

After several days of waiting, orders came for

about half of the regiment to embark for Cuba, leaving behind the rest of the men and all the horses, except a few for the principal officers. The troopers who could not go were sorely disappointed, but they accepted their fate like soldiers. The men who were more favored quite forgot the loss of their mounts, although it was the end of their dream of wild dashes through the ranks of the foe on their little war horses.

When in readiness to go down to Port Tampa, where the transport ships lay, no cars could be found. Some coal cars were seized and on them the troopers rode to the Port. "We had been told if we didn't get aboard by daybreak we'd get left," Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt testified before the War Investigating Commission. "We didn't intend to get left, and we took those coal cars and slipped down."

Again at Port Tampa, there was the same kind of tangle: no provision, no one in authority, and every man for himself. In such a situation, fortunately, the commanders of the Rough Riders were quite able to look out for themselves. One officer told them their boat was the *Yucatan*, while others insisted that the ship had been given to their

forces. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt rushed his Rough Riders down to the dock, and, by main strength, held the gang-plank against two other anxious regiments until his men were aboard. This point gained, the *Yucatan*, with its Rough Riders, lay in the steaming hot bay of Tampa for nearly a week.

It was an old rattletrap boat, with a third more passengers aboard than she was built to carry, and wretched sleeping and deck room. The boys from the prairies, however, most of whom had never seen a large body of water, swarmed the rigging and joyed in the novelty of life on the ocean wave. Their Italian trumpeter pitched patriotic tunes for the lusty throats of the cowboy choir, and there was no "squealing."

While waiting, and while sailing the Caribbean Sea, the officers were kept busy caring for their men and studying their books. They held a school of instruction daily, and expectations ran high as they looked forward to their Cuban campaign. The lieutenant-colonel has said, with pride, that he did not hear any rough talk or an unbecoming story at the officers' mess. Although drawn from widely

different paths in life, they were already bound together by a genuine comradeship. Their toast on the transport was, "The Officers — May the war last until each is killed, wounded, or promoted."

"Bucky" O'Neill, the Arizona mayor and ex-sheriff, whose name was a terror to outlaws, white and red, the gambler who would stake his all on a card, delighted to speculate on the mysteries of the universe, as he leaned on the railing of the ship and gazed at the Southern Cross, or discuss the roots of words, or debate the merits of the great men of literature. Such a nature welcomed the hazard of battle for the sake of the hazard. "Who would not risk his life for a star?" he asked, as he thought of the chance to win on the field a general's star for his shoulder strap. After more than a week out from Tampa the troopers of the *Yucatan* landed on Cuban soil at Daiquiri, and "Bucky" risked his life there, not for a star, but in a daring effort to save a negro soldier from drowning.

The voyage had been a long and stately procession across the sea. There were thirty transports in the line, escorted by a heavy guard of war-ships to protect them from surprise by the enemy. The

landing was made under cover of a terrific bombardment by the American guns, as they raked the wooded shores, wherein the Spaniards might be lurking. A hard march to the front was begun immediately. When the sun was not scorching the men, a tropic rain was falling upon them in a torrent.

The plainsmen, so unused to tramping, wobbled and hobbled along. They were no longer the dashing Rough Riders, for, with their horses hundreds of miles away, they had been rechristened "Wood's Weary Walkers." At every halt they would throw off their packs and fling themselves in the mud. When they bivouacked for the night, they would strip themselves of their wet clothing and dry it by the camp fires. Their officers ignored all discomforts in their steady determination to reach the front on time. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt had not waited at the landing-place for his own personal baggage. His only extra garment was a rain coat, and the next day he was happy to get his tooth-brush.

On their third day in Cuba the Rough Riders were sent forward along a trail through the jungle, a trail so narrow that the men had to do most of their

marching in single file. It was bordered by a dense tropic tangle. Although their pace was furiously fast, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt has recorded the pleasure he took in the beauty of the forest, with its strange Southern trees, the noble palms, the brilliant bloom of the flowers, the cooing of doves, and the call of the cuckoos.

Suddenly word came back along the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then a sudden crash came. The first fight was on, and the Rough Riders were in the thick of it. There was a sound filling the air like the humming of telegraph wires; it was the singing of the Mauser bullets from the guns of the enemy. But where was the enemy? His smokeless powder enabled him to conceal himself, as he lay in the bush only a few yards away. "Well, I got it that time," a trooper would say, and a Rough Rider would fall before an unseen foe.

It was a most exasperating situation for the little band of Americans, to stand there in that path as targets for invisible guns. Finally, however, a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who was standing beside Roosevelt, ex-

claimed: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats in the glade." Aided by this suggestion, Roosevelt located the Spaniards, and at last the Rough Riders opened fire on them. They soon made it too hot for their adversaries, who were seen to spring up and dash for a new hiding-place. Some of the troopers cursed as they fired; but Colonel Wood, moving calmly about, said, "Don't swear; shoot."

A hail of bullets swept over the men as they advanced. Roosevelt seized the rifle of one of his wounded troopers and led a rush on some farm buildings ahead, from which the enemy fled. He and Wood refused to take to cover; their whole thought was to share the perils of their men and to set examples of courage that would steady and stiffen the entire line. The enemy saw them plainest of all and marked them. The Mauser bullets would sing, "zeu," "zeu," "zeu," in their ears and hiss, "zip," "zip," "zip," through the waist-high grass in which they stood. Worst of all was the terrible note of "chug," when a comrade was hit. Once when Roosevelt leaned against a tree, a bullet tore the bark away and filled his eyes with the dust.

The Rough Riders had borne the baptism of fire with a heroism that thrilled their countrymen when the news came of that first battle at Las Guasimas. The press was filled with the praise of the officers and with stories of daring and devotion in the ranks. A corporal, wounded, was propped against a tree, at his own earnest request, and his rifle was handed to him. Then he went on firing. Finally he was sent to the hospital as mortally wounded; but in a week or two he walked six miles to rejoin the regiment. A cow puncher, who stayed on the firing line until blood told the secret of his wounded condition, was sent to the hospital, but was back in fifteen minutes. He was then carried to the hospital once more, under orders to ship him home. He escaped that night and was with the regiment throughout the rest of the campaign.

The field hospital was under the open sky, with the spreading branches of a mango tree to shelter the wounded and dying. There the surgeons did what they could to save, and worked through the night by candle-light. Roosevelt went among the stricken to cheer them in their struggles with pain. "Boys," he cried, "if there is a man at home

who wouldn't be proud to change places with you, he isn't worth his salt and he is not a true American." Once a feeble voice was lifted: —

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Then two or three more voices joined in:—

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride—"

The good old tune thus was sung with painful interruptions under an alien sky, by those who had shed their blood while striving to carry

"freedom's holy light"

to a foreign shore, long darkened by a tyrant rule. With their young lives in the balance, the closing prayer of the song became a most affecting supplication: —

"Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!"

The day had cost the regiment eight killed and thirty-four wounded. Captain Capron, descended from generations of soldiers, met a soldier's death.

Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., the heir to a great name, was another of the Rough Riders who was buried in the ground which they and their comrades had won. The chaplain read the burial service, while the troopers stood about with bared heads, and the jungle echoed with "Rock of Ages." They were fighting side by side when they fell, and they were not separated in their burial. All in a common grave they were laid — "Indian and cowboy," their lieutenant-colonel has written, "miner, packer, and college athlete — the man of unknown ancestry from the lonely Western plains, and the man who carried on his watch the crests of the Stuyvesants and the Fishes, one in the way they had met death, just as during life they had been one in their daring and their loyalty."

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

July 1–2, 1898, Colonel Roosevelt leads the Rough Riders at San Juan. — When orders fail to come, he goes into the fight on his own responsibility. — Ever in the van, he inspires all around him, and gathers under his command fragments of half a dozen other regiments. — Careless of danger and in many narrow escapes. — Buying rations for his hungry soldiers and ministering to the sick.

AFTER the engagement at Las Guasimas, the Rough Riders camped on the ground which they had helped to win from the Spaniards.

For several days they awaited orders to go forward toward Santiago. The commissary service was wretched. The transport ships lay at anchor, burdened with provisions; but they were unloaded and the supplies sent to the front so slowly that the men in the trenches were on one-third allowance. The officers were privileged to have more and better things to eat, even delicacies. Colonel Roosevelt would touch none of them. He would take no different shelter and no different food from what the men had. It came to be the rule among

the officers of the regiment to accept nothing that the privates could not have.

Every influence in his power was exerted by the lieutenant-colonel to get the best for all the members of his command. He spent his money liberally, and the money which wealthy friends from New York had given him, in the purchase of food for his men. All the dainties obtainable went straight to the sick and the wounded in the hospital, where Colonel Roosevelt was a constant and cheering visitor.

"Don't get up, boys," he would say, as the poor fellows struggled to greet him. "Lie still. Ah, Jim, how's your leg feeling to-day? Getting better? That's good. You'll soon be all right now. Billy, I hope your back doesn't trouble you so much to-day." Thus he went among them as if they were members of his own family, calling them by their names, remembering the ailment of each and seeing to the needs of all.

When, at last, orders came for the regiment to move, Wood had left the Rough Riders to take command of a brigade, and Roosevelt took his place. Forward they tramped in the muddy track, through

the hot jungle. Night fell, but they did not halt until eight o'clock. All slept on their arms. In the night, Colonel Roosevelt made the round of the sentries to see for himself that they were properly guarding their sleeping comrades.

At six o'clock of a lovely morning, the sky unclouded, the lofty mountains that hemmed in Santiago echoed with the boom of the Spanish cannon on El Caney. The Rough Riders were stationed in a farm-yard, where an American battery had wheeled into position directly in front of them. The Spaniards had smokeless powder, but the cannon of the Americans did not possess such a military luxury.

When, therefore, the battery replied to the Spanish fire, the cloud of smoke which rose from its guns formed a perfect target for the enemy. The Rough Riders were eating breakfast at the time, and in their enthusiasm they jumped up and cheered wildly. Then, after twenty minutes, came the well-aimed response of the Spanish gunners. The cheering troopers were stilled as they saw the black ball coming toward them, hissing and howling as it drew nearer, and finally exploding among them. One of the fragments dropped on Colonel Roose-

velt's wrist, hardly breaking the skin, but raising a lump. Four of five of his men behind him were wounded at the same time.

Again, while the Rough Riders were fording a river, under the shots of the enemy, the American war balloon dropped near them, and thus attracted a heavy fire. They crossed the stream in such haste as they could, and sought shelter as they crouched under the bank, lay in a sunken road, or hid in the tall grass. Bullets swept over them in sheets. The colonel sent messenger after messenger for orders to advance before the welcome command came. Then he sprang upon his horse and waved his men onward, taking the customary place of the commander, in the rear. He urged the regiment so earnestly, however, that he soon found that he had worked his way through it to the head of his men.

According to his orders, he should have marched his men across a place entirely exposed to the enemy. He obeyed with discretion, however, and employed the strategy of common-sense by avoiding one of the worst death-traps of the day. He went where he had been told to go, but he went in his own

way. There, he had his regiment lie down, while waiting further orders, but he himself stood or rode about.

When he had waited as long as he deemed reasonable, and could not longer bear to see his men lying helpless, where the Spaniards were picking them off one by one, he took the matter in his own hands and moved forward. A regiment of regulars, waiting for orders, was come upon, where it lay in the road, and Colonel Roosevelt led his troopers through its lines. The regulars, stirred by this example, jumped up, orders or no orders, and followed, Roosevelt waving his hat as he rode in the van. From the back of the hat, a blue handkerchief with white spots in it hung down to protect his neck from the sun. It was the battle-flag of the Rough Riders that day. He had discarded his sword as a useless trapping which got in the way of his legs. He was coatless, and only a single shoulder-strap hung by a thread from his shirt, to which he had stitched it.

It was in this manner that he led the Rough Riders and those who had joined them, firing as they ran, up the slope first of Kettle Hill, then of San Juan. The colonel's horse became entangled in

a wire fence and he finished the charge afoot. At one time he found himself with only five men around him, and two of these fell at his feet.

The next height from Kettle Hill was San Juan itself, and Colonel Roosevelt led his men across the wide valley that lay between. White and black regulars and Rough Riders mingled in a confused mass, until he had behind him, parts of six regiments, which remained under his command until the next morning. When some of the strangers began to straggle to the rear at one point, where the fire was extremely savage, he leaped before them, with his pistol drawn. He told them that he knew how gallantly they had fought, but he warned them that he would shoot the first man to leave the front. "I shall be very sorry to hurt you, and you don't know whether or not I will keep my word; but my men can tell you." "He always does!" "He always does!" the Rough Riders shouted, and there was no further trouble.

When the fighting was over, the Rough Riders, although largely Southerners, were ready to accept the negro troops as comrades with hearty good-will. As they said, they were willing to "drink out of the

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same canteen" with soldiers who had shown themselves such brave men.

The day's losses had been large. Of the less than five hundred Rough Riders engaged, eighty-nine had been killed or wounded, the heaviest sacrifice of any cavalry regiment. No loss was more keenly felt than that of "Bucky" O'Neill of Arizona, who had gone for a star and had received a bullet. At the fatal moment he was walking up and down in front of his troop, cigarette in hand. His men begged him to lie down, but he declared the "Spanish bullet has never been moulded that could hit me." He had hardly spoken the last of these words when he fell dead.

Colonel Roosevelt, who seemed to have no thought of danger or self-protection, had some very narrow escapes. His orderly, while saluting him, fell across his colonel's knees, mortally wounded. Again, a man who was speaking with the colonel, suddenly fell forward, stricken by a bullet which was doubtless aimed at Roosevelt. Little Texas, the colonel's horse, was scratched twice by bullets, one of which nicked the master's elbow. A sergeant, lying beside the colonel, quietly exclaimed: —

"Beg pardon, Colonel; but I've been hit in the leg."

"Badly?" the colonel inquired.

"Yes, Colonel, quite badly."

Roosevelt instantly saw to the removal of his companion from the front. All the stories that were told of his bravery may be matched with stories of his tenderness on the battle-field. He seemed to forget himself, but he never forgot his men.

The newspapers were again filled with accounts of Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. It is true that he had shown no more heroism on the heights of Cuba than he had shown, time and again, in the battles of peace at home. In the latter, however, he could be suspected of "playing politics" or, perhaps, of an indifference to popular favor. But, when he ventured

> "Life and love and youth,
> For the great prize of death in battle,"

there was no one among all his countrymen who could any longer coldly doubt the quality of his courage and devotion.

CHAPTER XV

THE HOME-COMING

Frightful conditions in camp, while waiting to be sent home. — The famous Roosevelt "Round Robin" saves the army. — August 7, 1898, embarking at Santiago. — Landing at Montauk Point, Long Island, August 15. — The Rough Riders welcomed as the heroes of the war, and their leader is a popular idol for the first time in his life. — The affectionate relations of commander and regiment. — Glad days in camp. — September 15, 1898, mustered out. — Regretful partings of strange comrades. — McGinty's call on his Fifth Avenue captain. — Other stories of New York experiences.

After San Juan came dreary days in the trenches. That period was followed by the negotiations for the surrender of Santiago, and then came the hardest experience of all, — idle camp life in the height of a tropic summer, while waiting for Spain to give up the war. The provisions for the health of the men were in the same state of neglect as the supplies for feeding them.

Fever attacked the Rough Riders. There was little medicine and there were no cots. The sick had to lie in the fever-breeding mud. First and last all the officers of the regiment fell victims, ex-

cepting Colonel Roosevelt and one other. The colonel's orderly lost eighty pounds in weight. Half of the members of the command were down at one time. All were in rags. Even the officers were without socks and underclothing. If there was only one shoulder-strap on Roosevelt's shirt at San Juan, there was now none at all. Nothing but the yellow stripes on his riding breeches showed that he was an officer.

The college athletes had lost their vigor. The once hardy hunters and dashing cowboys lay languidly in their miserable dog-tents. The gallant little army, which had overthrown the soldiers of Spain, was undergoing destruction by a foe with no banners flying or bugles blaring, but which, unheard and unseen, assailed by day and by night. It was a most serious emergency, and to Colonel Roosevelt belongs the credit of rising to it, and meeting it.

In the course of his testimony before the Commission of Investigation at Washington, he described a scene in battle, when his regiment was under a heavy fire and without orders to move. "What did you do?" a member of the Commission asked. "I have always found it best," Colonel

Roosevelt answered, "when in doubt what to do, to go ahead; and I went ahead."

Every one in that death-besieged camp in Cuba was in doubt what to do. Then it was that Colonel Roosevelt went ahead. It was in violation of all military rules for the mere colonel of a volunteer regiment to take the lead. He took it, nevertheless, and thereby saved no one knows how many lives, and no one knows how black a disgrace for the negligent administration at Washington.

At a meeting of the officers in the palace at Santiago, the commanding-general announced that he had been informed that the War Department was planning to keep the army in Cuba indefinitely, sending it into the interior, where the conditions would be better than in the camp on the shore. When the meeting had adjourned the general gave to the newspaper correspondents a copy of a protest signed by Colonel Roosevelt.

In this letter Roosevelt declared that it was the unanimous opinion of the officers that the adoption of the Department's plan of retaining the army in the island would involve the destruction of thousands. He protested that there was "no possible

reason for not shipping practically the entire command north at once." If this should not be done, "it will, in all human probability, mean an appalling disaster." On the other hand, "six weeks on the north Maine coast, for instance, or elsewhere, where the yellow fever germs cannot possibly propagate, would make us as fit as fighting cocks, as able as we are eager to take a leading part in the great campaign against Havana in the fall." Spain had not then sued for peace, and there was still a chance of more fighting.

"If there were any object in keeping us here," this extraordinary letter continued, "we would face yellow fever with as much indifference as we faced bullets. But there is no object in it." The letter concluded: "I write only because I cannot see our men, who have fought so bravely, and who have endured extreme hardship and danger so uncomplainingly, go to destruction without striving, so far as in me lies, to avert a doom as fearful as it is unnecessary and undeserved." After the military silence had thus bravely but rudely been broken by Colonel Roosevelt, all the officers, from the major-generals down, united in the now famous "Round

Robin," which indorsed the Roosevelt protest and echoed the appeal for an immediate removal of the army. The confused and careless officials at Washington were stirred to action at once, and the army was hastened home.

The Rough Riders were landed at Montauk Point, on Long Island, New York. Roosevelt, who had gone forth as second in command of a regiment, returned now as the commander of a brigade. He had lost twenty pounds, but he reported himself in "first-class health."

The nation rang with applause at the home-coming of the Rough Riders and their leader, now a popular idol for the first time in his career. Reporters swarmed about the camp at Montauk Point, visitors from all over the country crowded the trains that went there, and doctors and nurses and supplies were rushed to the hospital. The doors of some of the most spacious summer houses on the island were opened in welcome to the sick troopers. The period of the encampment was a continual triumph for Colonel Roosevelt and his famous regiment.

The troopers who had been left behind in Florida were brought north and reunited with their

comrades. This meeting, and the healing breezes from the ocean, quickly revived the spirits of the warriors. Lively times followed. One of the troopers of the regular army had a bucking horse, and some of the Rough Riders jeered at his failure to master the beast. A challenge ensued, and the next day the regiments turned out and crowded in front of Colonel Roosevelt's headquarters. There one of his men mounted and rode the horse through his wildest capers.

The colonel rose at the end of the chaplain's sermon one Sunday and gave the men a talk. He warned them that, although they would be hailed as heroes when they were mustered out, they would find that this would last not more than ten days. Then they would learn that they had to go to work like every one else.

The Rough Riders' favorite theme of praise was their colonel. "Why, he knows every man in the regiment," they would tell their callers. "He was always as ready to listen to a private as to a major-general." "He has spent $5000 of his own money on us." They were never happier than when they gave him a little surprise party at Montauk Point. He was called out, and found the regiment in a hollow square ready to

present him with a bronze statue of "The Bronco Buster." Trooper Murphy made the speech because, as he said, it was well known that the colonel's heart always had been with the privates, who loved him as deeply as men could love men. The tanned faces streamed with tears, and Colonel Roosevelt replied in a voice shaken with emotion, assuring them that "outside of my own immediate family I shall always feel that stronger ties exist between you and me than exist between me and any one else on earth." Every man was rewarded with a shake of the hand by his grateful commander.

The last night in camp was given over to a great celebration. The Rough Riders sang, and college boys and cowboys joined in a wild dance. The Indians took the lead in howling, grunting rings as they went bounding around the big fires, which had been kindled on the parade ground.

The troopers parted with regrets. Friendships that were to endure had been made across social lines impassable in any other country. A plainsman accepted a pressing invitation to pass a few days with his bunkie, a New York youth of fastidious instincts, and arrived at his host's with no

other baggage than an umbrella. No doubt this child of the wilderness thought that to carry an umbrella was the height of social agony, and he never dreamed of such effeminacies as pajamas and collars.

McGinty, the bronco buster, promised to visit his captain, Woodbury Kane. As soon as he was discharged from the hospital he set out to accept the invitation. Ignoring such unfamiliar conveniences as elevated and surface cars and public cabs, he hired a horse and began his search in the wilderness of New York. When he found Captain Kane's ranch on Fifth Avenue, he hitched his horse to a lamp-post and strolled in.

Cherokee Bill was overcome by the charms of a girl from Hoboken. They were married, and then Bill failed to find anything in his line to do. Colonel Roosevelt shipped the pair out to Indian Territory. The same fairy of the cowboys found a railroad job for Happy Jack. A friend of Colonel Roosevelt, a New York multi-millionaire, placed a generous sum of money in his hands for the assistance of the men until they could get employment. Most of them, however, refused to accept any of it. They had rustled before and they were ready to rustle again.

CHAPTER XVI

GOVERNOR AND VICE-PRESIDENT

He is sought out by the New York bosses to save the Republican party of the state from wreck at the polls. — September 27, 1898, nominated for Governor. — He wins in an exciting campaign. — November 8, elected Governor. — January 2, 1899, inaugurated as Governor. — Slowly and shrewdly makes himself the master at Albany. — Veteran politicians dazed by his skill in handling men. — Characteristic methods of pushing a bill through the Legislature. — Wall Street and the machine plan to "bury him" in the Vice-Presidency. — He fights against the movement, but, in the end, accepts his party's call. — June 21, 1900, nominated for Vice-President. — A great speaking campaign. — November 6, McKinley and Roosevelt triumphantly elected.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the reformer, could be ignored with safety by the political bosses. But Theodore Roosevelt, the Rough Rider, must be reckoned with. The admiring eye of the nation was upon him, and the American people would have delighted to do him any honor.

Every war in the past had brought forth popular favorites. Washington had first won the public confidence in the War of the Revolution, Andrew Jackson and William Henry Harrison in the War

of 1812, Taylor and Scott in the Mexican War, while political honors first came to Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and McKinley as a reward for their military services in the Civil War. The politicians, therefore, had watched intently to see who would win the people's applause in the Spanish War. It proved to be but a little war and a short one. The end of it found Roosevelt, among all the men in khaki, without a rival in public favor.

The wise men in politics clearly recognized the force of his popularity, and sought him out in his tent at Montauk Point. The Republican party in the state of New York was on the eve of an election and in a bad plight. The bosses had been running everything with a high hand, and public sentiment was strong for a change in the government at Albany. To save itself from certain wreck at the polls in November, the party must take up new men and new measures. In his dilemma, Senator Platt, who, a year and a half ago, could hardly be persuaded to let Mr. Roosevelt have even the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy, was eager now to give him the nomination for the Governorship of New York.

Some of the lieutenants of the boss, however, dreaded Roosevelt worse than defeat. They argued that it would be better for the Republican machine to lose the state in the election than to give him power. They knew they could not make terms with him, and no one approached him with such a proposal. The great prize, so near his reach, did not tempt him for an instant from his independent mood. "I would rather have led this regiment than be Governor of New York, three times over," he wrote to a friend at that time. "I should say that the odds are against my nomination; but I can say also, with all sincerity, that I don't care in the least."

Senator Platt called upon Colonel Roosevelt at Montauk, and when his regiment had been disbanded and he was free from restraint, Colonel Roosevelt returned the Senator's call at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Many good people were in anguish that Roosevelt should pay this mark of courtesy to the "Easy Boss." They seemed to be afraid that he would not be able to take care of himself in the presence of so wily a politician. It could not be publicly known then, as it is now, that the Senator

did not venture, in the course of the meeting, to ask any pledge whatever from his caller.

Openly to make such a call was really a part of Mr. Roosevelt's characteristic directness. It was known of all men that the delegates to the State Convention, soon to be held, were absolutely under the control of the Platt organization. The Convention would be managed, as New York Republican Conventions had been managed for years, by Senator Platt and his machine. The nomination for Governor must come from him. As the Republican party was then organized, he and his associates were its only chosen representatives. Mr. Roosevelt recognized these notorious facts with his usual frankness, and, when he announced that he had accepted the candidacy for Governor, he plainly said that, if elected, he should listen to advice from Senator Platt and from all persons who had any to offer.

In the exciting campaign that ensued, the alarm of the Republicans was fully justified. Only the personal exertions of Colonel Roosevelt saved the day. It was his first experience on a general speaking tour, and his addresses were followed by the en-

tire country. He travelled by special train, with a band of assistant orators, which included some members of his Rough Rider regiment in their khaki uniforms, and he visited every section of the state. He spoke from early morning till midnight, day after day, and drew immense crowds everywhere.

When he entered upon his duties as Governor, he had the good-will of the people generally; but there still was a widespread feeling that he was more or less "unsafe" and "impulsive." His most enthusiastic admirers, among the public, doubted if he could carry power with a steady head. His friends, or many of them, were sure that he would find it impossible to work with the Platt organization, which controlled legislatures with an iron hand. His enemies confidently counted on him to quarrel with every one and to have no one to help him do anything. All these fears and expectations were disappointed.

The new Governor began his term soberly and even mildly. He patiently listened to all who came, and, when he had to act, he acted with moderation. The impression went abroad that it was to be rather

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a colorless administration, after all. The Rough Rider apparently had lost his dash. Almost no one suspected his strategy. The old politicians around the Capitol and the legislators, all of whom he was so carefully studying and cultivating, came to the conclusion that he was "easy." When, at last, the time arrived for him to put forth his power, he exerted it through these very men, who were now in the habit of working with him, and who had lost much of their old distrust of him. People at a distance from Albany were amazed by the force of his silent influence, as well as by his shrewdness in handling men. The state at large was bewildered. Traps were sprung, but it was too late; he knew how to avoid them.

He was to be no veto Governor, in a constant war with the legislative branch of the government. If he frowned on a bill, it failed of passage. If a bill came up with two hostile elements appealing to him, one urging him to support it and the other calling on him to oppose it, he would bring them together in the Executive Chamber and labor with them until they found a common ground. Then the measure would be framed to the satisfaction of

all, and with each side boasting that it had gained its point. When the Legislature hesitated to pass laws which he recommended, he would make an appeal to the people directly. They were certain to listen to anything he had to say and almost as certain to agree with him.

In six weeks from his inauguration, he was the recognized master of the situation. Albany was dazed by his skill and success in governing. "The Governor's got the best scheme I ever see in politics," a Tammany senator exclaimed. "I don't see why nobody thought of it before. It's dead easy. He just plays the honesty game, and it works like a charm." There are a lot of people in this world, and not all politicians, who think that honesty will not win, and that is the reason they don't try it. Mr. Roosevelt's simple faith that honesty will win is the very corner-stone of his success.

There was no measure of the Roosevelt administration at Albany which the Governor more earnestly supported than his recommendation of a tax on public franchises. The big corporations were solidly arrayed against it. Their messengers whispered into his ear that those corporations had con-

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tributed $60,000 to his campaign fund; but he replied that he knew they had given $100,000 at the same time to the Democratic campaign against him. His newly won friends in the Legislature felt the pressure from the corporation lobby, and it was too strong for their weak human nature. They did not like to oppose the Governor, but this was going too far.

The bill slept in a committee pigeonhole till near the end of the session. Then the Governor sent in a special message, with an urgent appeal for the passage of the bill. The message was lost on the way. Thereupon he sent in another message, with the quiet warning that if it should be lost again, he would have some member read it from the floor. His aroused determination and the popular response from all over the state stirred the weak-kneed legislators, and they rushed the bill through on the eve of adjournment.

The corporation managers and lawyers came to the Governor and pointed out certain defects in the measure. They said, "Drop it for this session, and then, next winter, we ourselves will help you to pass a good law." The Governor, however, would not let go of the bird in hand. "Next winter

is a long way off," he told them. "I will sign this bill, as it stands, and at once call a special session of the Legislature to amend it and make it better." He could not be moved from this plan, and it was adopted.

There was only one thing to do with such a troublesome man, and that was to "bury him" in the Vice-Presidency of the United States. If permitted to run for Governor again, the people would surely reëlect him, in spite of Wall Street and the bosses. The Vice-Presidency seemed to Mr. Roosevelt's enemies the only safe place for so unsafe a man.

The suggestion, made with cool calculation by some of the most powerful and sordid interests in the great financial centre of the nation, was caught up with genuine enthusiasm by the people of the West. The Governor, who was anxious to go on with his work at Albany, tried to stop the swelling movement by the most earnest refusal of the honor. "Under no circumstances," he declared to the country, as early as February in 1900, "could I or would I accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency." Even this strong declaration did not stop the talk of nominating him.

When the Republican National Convention of 1900 met at Philadelphia, all the sentiment was for Governor Roosevelt for the second place on the ticket with President McKinley. This was craftily stimulated by the elements interested to "shelve him." He himself went as a delegate at large from New York, his first appearance in a National Convention since the famous Blaine Convention, sixteen years before. His presence in the Convention city was hailed with enthusiasm. Delegation after delegation waited upon him, to offer support, which he emphatically refused. In the mood of the hour, his refusal was without effect. Sometimes with tears in his eyes, he begged his callers to spare him; but in vain. Meanwhile, the New York politicians were saying that he must be nominated, for if he ran for Governor they would not be able to raise money for the election among the corporations.

In the Convention, the Rough Rider-Governor, in his favorite soft black hat, was the lion of the scene. He made a speech, nominating McKinley, but when the Vice-Presidency was reached he was absent from the hall. He had yielded to the overwhelming demand, in his old spirit of accepting

whatever service he was called upon to do. While the Convention was roaring his nomination by acclamation, he sat in a near-by room, reading Thucydides.

Into the great national campaign which followed, Governor Roosevelt entered with as much heart as if he had sought the task which he had undertaken so reluctantly. Everywhere, all over the land, the people were eager to see and hear him. For eight weeks he was on a speaking tour, visiting twenty-four states, travelling more than twenty-one thousand miles, delivering nearly seven hundred speeches, before audiences aggregating in number three million persons.

His endurance was wonderful. This he owed to the iron constitution which he had built up in years of rough toil, and to his careful habits on the journey. Instead of wasting his voice and energy in conversation with his companions on his special train, he made it a rule, the moment he left a station, to turn to a good book selected from those he had brought with him from his library, and to devote himself to its pages until called out at the next stopping-place on his route.

He was not always in a friendly country. In a Colorado mining town, where the opposition to the Republican position on the coinage issue was bitter, he was attacked by some rowdies and struck with a stick. His escort of Rough Riders quickly closed around him, and, forming a wedge, rushed through the mob to the waiting train. A member of his party, in describing the scene, said of Mr. Roosevelt's bearing at the time: "Rocks were flying over him but he was smiling and his eyes were dancing. He was coming ahead as composedly as if he were approaching the entrance of his own home among friends. When it was all over, he exclaimed: 'This is magnificent. Why, it's the best time I've had since I started. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.'" The Governor of Colorado also received Mr. Roosevelt in a hostile manner and wrote him, demanding that he state his opinion on the question of the campaign in Denver as he had done in the East. If the Colorado Executive thought that this would be too much for the courage of the candidate for Vice-President, his mistake was quickly corrected, Mr. Roosevelt declaring, "I am for a protective tariff, the gold standard, expansion, and the honor of the flag."

In the triumphant election of McKinley and Roosevelt, no one gainsaid the large share of credit that belonged to the Vice-President-elect, while the enemies of the latter flattered themselves that his career was at an end, for the Vice-Presidency had been a political tomb, from which no man had escaped in more than sixty years.

CHAPTER XVII

CALLED TO THE PRESIDENCY

September 6, 1901, assassination of President McKinley. — September 7, the Vice-President hastens to his stricken chief. — September 10, reassured by the doctors, he joins his family in the Adirondacks. — September 13, the unexpected message, announcing a change for the worse, reaches him at Mt. Marcy. — The long race through the night down the mountain roads to the special train. — Death of McKinley, September 14, at 2 A.M. — Roosevelt speeding to Buffalo. — At 3.30 in the afternoon, he takes the oath of office at the residence of Ainsley Wilcox. — An affecting scene. — The new President's solemn pledge to the country.

Mr. Roosevelt had been Vice-President only six months, when, by the death of President McKinley, he was suddenly called to the chief magistracy of the nation.

His term as Governor of New York expired on New Year's Day. Taking advantage of the brief release from official duties, he went on a hunting trip in Colorado. After his inauguration as Vice-President, he presided over an extra session of the Senate, at the end of which he entered upon the uneventful life usually led by his predecessors. His great popularity brought him many urgent invita-

tions to speak, and he delivered several addresses in various parts of the country. He was on a speaking tour, when the appalling news sped over the wires that, for the third time, an American President had fallen before the assassin's bullet.

While President McKinley was holding a reception to the public in the Temple of Music on the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, he was shot by a young man, brought up in his own state of Ohio, who carried his weapon beneath a handkerchief wound round his right hand. The Vice-President hastened to the city in which his stricken chief lay, and there joined the official associates of the President. After a period of anxious watching, they were reassured by the doctors, and left Buffalo in the cheering confidence that the sufferer would speedily recover.

Mr. Roosevelt went to the Adirondack Mountains, in the upper part of New York, where his family had gone for the benefit of two of the children, who had lately been in a hospital. His purpose was to take them home in a few days. Early in the morning of the day following his arrival, he went on a tramp, with some young friends, far up the side of

Mt. Marcy. When they reached the lovely lake, "Tear In the Clouds," the loftiest body of water in the state and the lonely source of the Hudson River, a cold rain began to fall. Sitting there, looking upon the topmost peak of Marcy, Mr. Roosevelt and his party were tempted to climb still higher by the hope that they might get beyond the clouds and see the sun shining. They found, however, that the rain grew more disagreeable the farther they went.

They returned, therefore, to the shore of the lake to eat their luncheon. As they sat down they heard the sound of the snapping of a twig, and looking around saw a man emerge from the forest, waving a yellow envelope.

"The President's condition has changed for the worse.

"CORTELYOU."

Thus ran the message in the yellow envelope. Mr. Roosevelt rose from the luncheon, without tasting the food, and said: "I must go back at once." It was then 2.15 in the afternoon of Friday. The long tramp through the tangle of the primeval wood began immediately and at the quickest possible pace. The messenger had been four hours in covering the

distance, and it was 6.30 at night when Mr. Roosevelt arrived at the little settlement of summer cottages where his family was staying. There was no telegraph or telephone wire there, and he despatched a runner to the nearest one, ten miles below.

His position was most trying. He wished to avoid the appearance of an indelicate haste in returning to Buffalo. Yet he could not be careless of his grave duty under the Constitution. Even then the nation might be without a chief.

It was nearly midnight when the messenger returned from the distant telephone, and he bore a message saying, "Come at once." In ten minutes the Vice-President tossed his suit case into a light vehicle, drew his hat down upon his head, and told the driver to go at full speed. He must ride through the night more than thirty miles down the mountain roads to reach the railway. The first part of the drive was along a mere trail. On one side stretched a steep bank down to the shores of a chain of little lakes, twenty to thirty feet below. On the other side rose the rugged mountain, which the wagon must hug or run the risk of tumbling into the water. Often the wheels would scrape against the rough

boulders or huge stumps, or drop into deep mud-holes nearly to their hubs. A heavy fog made it impossible to see the road. The driver himself, used though he was to the way, hesitated to drive fast, but his passenger insisted, "Go on; go right ahead."

Daylight came while they were yet hurrying on. It was 5.20 when the Vice-President leaped out upon the station steps at North Creek, only to learn that William McKinley had died at two o'clock that morning.

The Vice-President found his secretary, Mr. Loeb, at North Creek, with a special train in readiness. The journey across the state began at once. Every effort was put forth by the railway men to cover the distance in the shortest possible time. At least one of the miles was made in forty-two seconds. The sympathetic people along the line knew the meaning and mission of the hurrying train. No one, however, could know the crowding thoughts of Theodore Roosevelt in the solitude of his mountain drive and of his eight hours within the curtained car of his special. No one could share with him the great responsibilities thus thrust upon him in a night.

From Mt. Marcy to Buffalo it is four hundred

and forty miles. The Vice-President arrived at the latter place early in the afternoon of Saturday. Driving to the home of a personal friend, he found the Cabinet of the dead President awaiting him. For thirteen hours and a half the government had been without a constitutional head. The awful spell of the national tragedy was upon the company, numbering about forty persons, which was gathered in the library of the house. Greetings were exchanged in silence.

"Mr. Vice-President," said Secretary Root, the ranking member of the Cabinet present. Then his voice broke and tears blinded him. By a strange fortune this was the second time that Mr. Root had taken part in such a scene. As a friend he had stood with Vice-President Arthur, twenty years before, when, on the death of President Garfield from an assassin's wound, he was sworn in as President.

The Secretary of War told Mr. Roosevelt, in broken tones, that it was the wish of the Cabinet, for reasons of state, that there should be no further delay. All around him men were weeping. The Vice-President said: "I shall take the oath at once in accordance with your request, and in this hour of

deep national bereavement. I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of William McKinley for the peace, prosperity, and honor of our beloved country." Then, as Judge Hazel read, a few words at a time, the Vice-President repeated after him the simple but solemn oath which all the presidents from Washington have taken: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

By sheer force of will the Vice-President summoned the strength to pronounce his pledge to his countrymen in a voice without a tremor. At the end of the oath he added, "And thus I swear." His uplifted hand fell to his side, his chin rested on his breast, and the twenty-fifth President of the United States stood in silent prayer.

President Roosevelt's first thought was for the sorrowing widow of the late President. He did all that a tender solicitude for her could suggest, and toward the friends of Mr. McKinley he showed every consideration. He went to Washington on the funeral train and thence to the burial at Canton, Ohio.

CHAPTER XVIII

GRASPING THE REINS

The new President confronted with the most difficult task in American politics. — Called by death to fill the place of a President chosen by the people. — Failure of other Vice-Presidents in the Presidency. — President Roosevelt's unparalleled success in making a Roosevelt Cabinet out of a McKinley Cabinet and a Roosevelt administration out of a McKinley administration. — He retains the friendship of Senator Hanna, the Warwick of the old administration. — The country's confidence quickly won. — He proves his right to leadership.

THE task of the new President was the most difficult one that can fall to a man in American politics. He had received his commission from the hand of Death and not from the people. They had chosen another for the place less than a year before, and by the largest majority that any President ever had received.

When his life had been so cruelly cut short, William McKinley's popularity was at flood tide. North and South, East and West, had been knit together in their affection for him. He and his party were in a harmony such as few Presidents had known. His administration was associated with an abound-

ing national prosperity. The confidence of the business world was centred in him. In an instant he was struck down and a new hand must take the reins of power.

History offered Theodore Roosevelt no encouragement. Four Vice-Presidents had become Presidents before him, and none of them had succeeded in making his administration acceptable to the people. John Tyler had taken the place of William Henry Harrison, and in a short time he was plunged into a bitter war with the party which had elected him. Millard Fillmore, in filling out the term of Zachary Taylor, lost the support of a majority of his party. Andrew Johnson, in Abraham Lincoln's place, came within one vote of being turned out of the White House on articles of impeachment. Chester A. Arthur, who succeeded James A. Garfield, failed to win the indorsement of his party. Each of them had been unable to overcome the fact that he was President by accident and not by choice of the people. All of them were denied an election to the office, and retired with a disappointed ambition.

President Roosevelt took timely warning from those examples in political history. He not only

pledged himself to continue President McKinley's policies, but he announced his purpose of retaining the latter's advisers. "I wish each of you gentlemen," he said to the Cabinet, "to remain as a member of my Cabinet. I need your advice and counsel. I tender you the office in the same manner that I would tender it if I were entering upon the discharge of my duties as the result of an election by the people, with this distinction, however, that I cannot accept a declination."

There was no doubt that he was sincere in this request and in his intention to cling to the policies of the McKinley administration. People realized, however, that he was a very different man from Mr. McKinley in manner and method. It was feared, therefore, that the men who had worked with McKinley would not be able to work with Roosevelt. The members of a President's Cabinet are of his political household. They are like a family in their intimacy.

Old observers were certain that a McKinley Cabinet never could become a Roosevelt Cabinet, and that its members would soon retire from their offices. Moreover, the new President, many assumed, would

break with the McKinley men in Congress and all over the country. He was known to be a man with opinions of his own, and therefore it was reasoned that when he tried to put his opinions into practice the friends of the old administration would rebel.

Mr. Roosevelt's first achievement as President was to disappoint all those forebodings of evil. He pursued at Washington the methods which had brought him success at Albany when he was Governor. His caution and self-restraint in the opening months of his administration won the confidence and good-will of his associates. In the end they became as loyal to the new President as they had been to the old. The McKinley Cabinet became a Roosevelt Cabinet and the McKinley administration throughout became a Roosevelt administration. Mr. Roosevelt was able to wield with success the instruments chosen by another.

There were individual changes from time to time, but no more than usual. President Roosevelt found John Hay at the head of the Department of State, and there he remained until he died, ably working with his new chief to forward the interests of the United States in all parts of the world. He found

Elihu Root in the War Department, and retained his services until his private affairs made his retirement necessary. When he was needed, however, to fill the vacancy occasioned by Secretary Hay's death, Mr. Root responded to President Roosevelt's call at as great a sacrifice of income as any man ever made to enter a Cabinet.

The new President found Mr. Taft governing the Philippines, by Mr. McKinley's selection, and he summoned him to a Cabinet place. He found Mr. Knox in the Attorney-Generalship, and he successfully employed his talents in the prosecution of law-breaking corporations. He found Mr. Hitchcock in the Interior Department, and he waged through him an unrelenting warfare on the robbers who were stealing the public lands. He found Mr. Wilson in the Department of Agriculture, and there he has stayed until he has the record of the longest continuous Cabinet service. Even Mr. McKinley's private secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, continued to hold the same confidential place under Mr. Roosevelt until promoted to the Cabinet.

It was impossible that any one should have with a man of President Roosevelt's temperament the

authority and influence which Senator Hanna of Ohio exerted with President McKinley. The Senator had been regarded as the power behind the throne, a power greater than all the Cabinet could wield. It was expected that he would not see this power slipping out of his hands without a struggle to hold on to it. For several years there were rumors of serious troubles between Mr. Hanna and the successor of his great friend. As often as the report went forth, it was contradicted by the fact, and the friendly intercourse of the two men continued until the Senator's death.

He was "Uncle Mark" to Mr. Roosevelt, and almost every week, even when their relations were supposed to be most severely strained, the President enjoyed a breakfast of corned beef hash and griddle cakes at Mr. Hanna's table. Almost, if not the last, letter written by the Senator was addressed to Mr. Roosevelt in grateful acknowledgment of his kind attentions. "You touched a tender spot, old man,' the dying Senator wrote, "when you called personally to inquire after me this morning. I may be worse before I can be better, but all the same such drops of kindness are good for a fellow.'

Senator Hanna, like the members of the Cabinet, had found the new President, not the rash young man that most of them expected, but a statesman, sobered and steadied by experience, quick of thought, but slow to act, who was always open to advice, and never above taking it. As they saw him wield the great powers of his office with a firm and skilful hand, their confidence grew and was communicated to the country. No one ever called him "His Accidency," the taunt so often flung at the other Vice-Presidents whom fate had thrust into the White House, because at the outset he proved his right to leadership.

CHAPTER XIX

THE NEW PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE

The youngest of the chief magistrates. — Popular imagination stirred by his swift rise. — The most thoroughly national man ever in the White House; the East and the West, the North and the South, all claim him. — The first President since the Civil War too young to remember its sectional bitterness. — President Roosevelt's own story of how he became a complete American. — The country delighted with his vim, his enjoyment of public honor, and freedom from pretence. — Refuses to shut the door of hope on any man because of race or color. — Dines labor leaders, but refuses to let either unions or trusts dictate to him. — A man who gets things done. — His trust in the people and their trust in him.

THE people liked the novelty of a new kind of President in the White House. In the first place, President Roosevelt was invested with the charm of youth. He was forty-two when called to the Presidency, and therefore several years the junior of the youngest of his predecessors, General Grant. He was still more youthful in spirit.

The popular imagination was stirred by the swiftness of his rise. Less than four years and a half before, he was as far removed from the usual line of presidential succession as the New York police com-

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"He's GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!"

A memorable cartoon

missionership, and was saying to a friend, "You may consider me politically dead." It was only four years since he was a mere assistant secretary in a department at Washington. Within the space of three years, fortune had crowded into his life a service in war, the governorship of New York, the Vice-Presidency, and now the Presidency of the United States.

He was the first President with a long lineage since Washington, and the wealth of his family was far older and greater than that of Washington. The Roosevelts had been able to keep their heads above water in the social swim of New York for at least half a dozen generations. The plain people welcomed the momentary change from the line of log-cabin presidents to a President who was born in a brown-stone front. The children of poverty had been taught by the example of Abraham Lincoln that they, too, might make their lives sublime. Mr. Roosevelt's fellow-citizens welcomed the example which his rise set before the scions of the rich, who might learn thereby that the republic has work for all who are not above taking off their coats and doing it.

Mr. Roosevelt marked another departure from custom. He was a writer of books, and as a rule Presidents have been the least bookish of men. He alone had spanned the wide gulf between literature and political success.

The new President was the most thoroughly national man who ever sat in the White House. No American ever lived the life of his nation more completely than he had lived it. The East claimed him as its own because of his Eastern birth and education. The West claimed him because of his enthusiastic love of Western life, because he had worked and played in its boundless fields. Even the South, which had not seen one of its own citizens chosen President in more than half a century, could claim him as a grandson. In him the sections were united, innocent of the old estrangement, for he was in petticoats in 1861, and was the first President since the Civil War who was too young to have had a part in its bitterness.

Himself well-to-do and college-bred, the cultivated and the prosperous felt they had a kinsman in the White House; indeed, that we had "a gentleman for President." At the same time he had toiled hard

in his ranching days, and the toilers felt he knew them and respected their lives of labor. In an address, delivered not long before he became President, he sketched his own broadening development: "The first time I ever labored alongside and got thrown into intimate companionship with men who were mighty men of their land, was in the cattle country of the Northwest. I soon grew to have an immense liking and respect for my associates; and as I knew them, and did not know similar workers in other parts of the country, it seemed to me then the ranch owner was a great deal better than any Eastern business man, and that the cow puncher stood on a corresponding altitude to any of his brothers in the East.

"Well, after a little while, I got thrown into close relations with the farmers, and it did not take me long before I had moved them up alongside of my beloved cowmen and made up my mind that they really formed the backbone of the land. Then, because of circumstances, I was thrown into contact with railroad men; and I gradually came to the conclusion that these railroad men were about the finest citizens there were anywhere around. Then, in the

course of some official work, I was thrown into close contact with a number of carpenters, blacksmiths, and men in the building trades, — that is, skilled mechanics of a high order, — and it was not long before I had them on the same pedestal with the others.

"By that time it began to dawn on me that the difference was not in the men, but in my own point of view, and that if any man is thrown into contact with any large body of our fellow-citizens, it is apt to be the man's own fault if he does not grow to feel for them a very hearty regard, and moreover grow to understand that on the great questions that lie at the root of human well-being, he and they feel alike."

This is the story by himself of how Theodore Roosevelt, scion of the Knickerbockers, became a complete American. He had in truth passed through a rare training school and thoroughly fitted himself to be the President of all sections and of the whole people. Nothing has more powerfully aided him in his leadership than this varied experience among his fellows. It has not only enabled him to know how to tell them what he thinks, but it has enabled him to know what they think. No one can say how

often, in the crises of his administrations, he has found his strength and reliance in his conviction that "he and they feel alike."

The people liked, from the start, his plain way of saying what he had to say, and they could understand what he meant. He seemed to talk like a man in the street. His youthful vim, his directness, and his freedom from the mere show and pretence of official dignity pleased them. Presidents usually hold somewhat aloof and hedge themselves in. Mr. Roosevelt's bearing, on the other hand, was no different in the White House than when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy or Police Commissioner of New York. Every one felt that he could get at him and have a hearing at court. The public liked his frank enjoyment of the honors and duties of the Presidency; he did not put on the air of being bored by the highest office in the land and by the applause of his countrymen.

These were the manners of the new President which attracted his fellow-citizens to him. Their confidence and admiration were won by his deeper virtues of independence and justice. They delighted to see their President take the leadership of the nation and

refuse to let any one, whether a political boss or a financial magnate, intimidate or snub the chief magistrate of the republic.

"The door of the White House," he announced, "shall swing open as easily for the poor as for the rich, and not one bit easier." He kept his word. It swung open for Booker T. Washington, the president of Tuskegee College, black though he was. Mr. Roosevelt wished to have a talk with that foremost representative of twelve million Americans, and, as his habit is with all sorts of men, he asked him to dine at the White House. At this there arose a great outcry. The incident was seized upon to stir Southern prejudice against the President.

He calmly ignored it and went on his way, appointing white men of character, who were not of his party, to high offices in the South, when the Republicans down there did not offer him men as good. Nor did he hesitate to appoint a black man when his merits warranted it. "I cannot consent," he said, "to take the position that the door of hope — the door of opportunity — is to be shut on any man, no matter how worthy, purely on the grounds of race or color."

He dined labor leaders with as much honor as he

paid to captains of industry. Nevertheless, when a man was dismissed from the government printing office because he did not belong to a labor union, the President reinstated him. He said that the government of the United States could not bar a man from employment because he was a non-union man any more than because he was a Jew or a Christian, a black man or a white man. "I will not for one moment submit to dictation," he plainly served notice, "by the labor unions any more than by the trusts, no matter what the effect on the Presidential election may be. I will proceed upon the only plan possible for a self-respecting American President, and treat each man on his merits as a man."

There were reports of corruption in the Post Office Department. The general impulse among the officials and the politicians was to deny the report and "hush the matter up" lest it might "hurt the party." The President at once ordered a searching investigation and a clean sweep of the guilty. Some of his subordinates could not believe that he really meant in good earnest to expose rascality in his own party and he had to talk plainly to a good many of them in order to convince them that he was not

bluffing. In the end the wrong-doing was stopped and the wrong-doers were placed in the dock. Instead of hurting his party, the President had won for it the credit of reforming these abuses. There was no issue left for the opposition party. Toward the powerful men, high in the party, who were found to be stealing the public lands, he pursued the same policy. He would not spare them because of their party standing and because they had seats in Congress.

In tests like these the President constantly drew the great body of the people, the justice-loving, right-thinking American people, nearer and nearer to him. His efficiency excited their admiration only less than his fairness and independence. They saw that he was a man who knew how to get things done. He settled the coal strike, the Alaskan boundary dispute, broke up the postal and land frauds, successfully prosecuted the great railroad merger, and secured from Congress the legislation he recommended. "Trust the people" ever had been a familiar phrase in the mouths of men in politics. No one ever trusted the people more than President Roosevelt. He put his trust in them in every emergency, and they did not disappoint him.

CHAPTER XX

AS A POLITICIAN

The new President astonishes the country by his capacity for political leadership. — Some remarkable prophecies by Cleveland, Harrison, and others. — Mr. Roosevelt's absolute reliance on the people. — Travelling fifty thousand miles in four years and explaining his policies in every state and territory. — Narrow escape from death in an accident. — Characteristic instances of his consideration for others. — His skill in wielding the mighty force of public opinion overwhelms opposition in Congress. — His frank avowal of his candidacy. — June 23, 1904, unanimously nominated for President by the Republicans at Chicago. — A campaign free from uncertainty. — November 8, 1904, elected by the largest plurality in history. — The vote: Roosevelt, 7,623,486; Parker, 5,077,971; plurality, 2,545,515. — In the electoral college: Roosevelt, 336; Parker, 140. — His unexpected announcement on election night of his determination not to run again. — March 4, 1905, inaugurated.

THE country was surprised to find the new President a politician. The politicians themselves were taken quite unawares by his capacity for practical political leadership. Because he was known as an opponent of tricks and intrigues, they had set him down as an artless innocent, a simple novice in politics. They quickly learned, however, that the new man in the White House was as wise a politician as ever entered its doors.

A few prophets, indeed, had foretold this. In the beginning of his career, when it is said that Roscoe Conkling saw in him only a "dentificial young man with more teeth than brains," another observer, Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, is quoted as saying to his students: "Young gentlemen, some of you may enter public life. I wish to call your attention to Theodore Roosevelt, now in our Legislature. He is on the right road to success. It is dangerous to predict a future for a young man, but let me say that if any man of his age ever was pointed straight for the Presidency, that man is Theodore Roosevelt." Governor Sheldon of Nebraska recalls a similar prophecy, made only a few years later, when he was at Harvard. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, as the Governor recollects, predicted that Mr. Roosevelt would be President.

A foreigner was gifted with equal foresight. This was Baron Speck von Sternberg, who was an attaché of the German Legation in Washington when Mr. Roosevelt was a Civil Service Commissioner. "I do not pose as a prophet," the Baron has said, "but when I first met Mr. Roosevelt I was deeply impressed with his powerful personality, his untiring

energy, and essential sincerity of purpose. It was this combination which convinced me that some day I should see him at the head of this great nation. When I congratulated him on his appointment as Police Commissioner of New York, I added: —

"'When I again congratulate you, you will be one step nearer the White House.' On hearing of his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I wrote from Pekin, where I was then stationed: —

"'Permit me to congratulate you on this second step nearer the Presidency.' When he was elected Governor of New York, I telegraphed him: —

"'The next time I offer congratulations it will be to President Roosevelt.'"

President Harrison was also among the prophets, for he wrote in 1898: —

"Mr. Roosevelt is to-day one of the best examples of Presidential timber in the country. His varied life as ranchman, hunter, soldier, and politician has placed him in such close proximity with so many different men that they have had ample opportunity to judge of his qualities and to understand him when he says or does a thing."

Before that forecast was made, President Cleve-

land had given an equally significant estimate of the man. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt, although of opposing parties, had worked together at Albany, when the former was Governor and the latter a young member of the Legislature. When Mr. Cleveland became President for the second time, he found Mr. Roosevelt serving as a Civil Service Commissioner. There was pressure upon him to displace this Republican member of the Commission, and President Cleveland is said to have replied: —

"You do not know Theodore Roosevelt. I do, and I tell you that he is one of the ablest politicians either party ever had and the ablest Republican politician in this generation. The country will find this out in time. If I keep him where he is, he can't do us any harm; if I remove him and make a martyr of him, he has political ability enough to do us serious damage. I shan't remove him."

It is known that in the trying hour when Mr. Roosevelt took up the burden of the Presidency, nothing else gave him quite the comfort that he derived from the sympathy and confidence which ex-President Cleveland communicated to him. When the two men stood beside the bier of McKinley, in

the rotunda of the Capitol, the new President sought out the ex-President, and with genuine emotion said: "I shall always deem it a high honor to have served under President Cleveland."

One more prophecy of Mr. Roosevelt's future is well worthy of mention. In this instance Thomas B. Reed was the prophet. He was Speaker of the House at the time, and, in a conversation with Mr. Lacey, a new member of Congress from Iowa, regarding men in Washington, the members of the Civil Service Commission came up for discussion.

"We've got an American of blood and iron — a coming man — on that Commission. I tell you, Lacey, you want to watch this man, for he is a new-world Bismarck and Cromwell combined, and you will see him President yet."

"Who is he?" Mr. Lacey asked.

"Theodore Roosevelt," the Speaker replied.

Not many, however, had such insight into the qualities of the new President. He was expected to be a headstrong, rough-riding President, who would try to gain his point by hard fighting with Congress and with the political leaders. People generally looked for an honest but a stormy adminis-

tration and in the end a disorganized Republican Party, broken up into quarrelling factions. Nothing of the kind happened.

Discarding secret trades and dickers with this man and that, with one interest and another, the President adopted the completest publicity. He at once put himself into the closest communication with the thought and feeling of the country. When he wished a thing to be done, he plainly told the people and asked them to help him. He would always turn to them first, and they were his chief reliance. He would advocate his policies in frequent messages to Congress and in speeches in various parts of the country.

In the first four years of his Presidency he travelled more than fifty thousand miles and visited every state and territory in the Union. While on a Western tour he went fourteen thousand miles by rail, one hundred and fifty miles by horseback, and walked two hundred miles. In the course of that trip he delivered three hundred and eighty-five speeches in twenty-five states and territories. Naturally in so much journeying he was more than once involved in accidents. His narrowest escape was while crossing an electric car line in Massachusetts.

The President was in a carriage with Governor Crane and Secretary Cortelyou, when an electric car, running at high speed, crashed into their vehicle. Others in the party, who were following in carriages, were certain that he must have been killed. Before they could reach him, however, they were relieved to see him rise from the wreck of his carriage and start toward the motorman with clenched fists. Doubtless his first hot impulse was to wreak personal vengeance on the man. In a second the thought of the law came into his confused mind, and he exclaimed, "You should be arrested for this!" and then, as his sense of justice asserted itself, he quickly added, "unless you lost control of your car."

Another moment and the recollection came to him that he was President of the United States, and, to prevent the spread of a false alarm over the country, he turned to one of his assistant secretaries and said, "Go at once to the nearest telephone, call up the Western Union Telegraph office in New York, tell them that there has been an accident, but that I am not hurt."

Death had come very near to him, indeed, for his secret service man on the seat with the driver had

been killed outright. The member of Congress from the district in which the accident had occurred accompanied the President to a neighboring house and said to him, as he seated him there, "Thank God, you escaped!" The two men were alone and the President replied simply, "I thank God that I escaped death — I want to live and go on with my work, but I do not think I fear death — I know that I do not fear death as much as I do that I may make some mistake affecting the welfare of this country."

Soon another carriage was provided, and, as the President rode away from the frightful scene, a reaction came in his spirits, and he exclaimed to the Governor, "Well, John Hay came mighty near being President, didn't he?" Mr. Hay was Secretary of State, and as such was next in the line of succession to the Presidency.

Notwithstanding the occasional peril and the constant discomfort, the President delighted in his travels and in the great crowds that came out to meet him. He was as happy as a boy to ride on the locomotive, and, with his genuine and hearty liking for his fellow-men, he never wearied of the enthusiastic greetings which awaited him everywhere.

"Take that man out of Texas," exclaimed a Texan editor, of the opposition party. "He'll win every vote in the state. It isn't that he's President. Any man can get to be President when the people don't see the candidate they are voting for. But Roosevelt could be elected constable of any town in this state. He campaigns next to the ground."

While touring in the state of Maine, almost the first thing the President said, as he started for Bangor, was that he hoped he should see Bill Sewall, his old guide and friend from Island Falls. He had hardly left his car when he inquired if any one had seen Bill in town. As he entered his carriage he asked the chief of police to hunt up Bill. Finally the member of Congress from the district came to him and said: —

"Mr. President, here is an old friend of yours."

The President turned and looked into the smiling face of Bill Sewall. He grasped his hand, he clapped him on the shoulder, and he told him how glad he was to see him. Then he told it to him all over again.

"You're no gladder than I be," said Bill.

It was a great day for Bill. He rode in state in

the Presidential procession and the people cried out as he passed, "Hello, Bill," and "How are you, Bill?"

"Aren't you glad you came?" the President exclaimed, as he saw Bill sitting among the notables on the platform at the big meeting.

"I was glad I came before I left home," was Bill's dry reply.

All day Bill was an honored guest, and in the evening he sat among the dignitaries at the dinner which Senator Hale gave the President in his spacious home in Ellsworth. After Bill had returned to his home in the woods, the next day, the President was still filled with pleasure over their reunion. He told every one on his train all about Bill. "He is as simple and unaffected as a child," he declared. "He would like me just as well if I didn't have $10."

In Cambridge Mr. Roosevelt's old washerwoman in his Harvard days was so sure that he would remember and welcome her, that she went to the big house in which he was a guest. The police tried to convince her that her errand was useless, but she persisted so confidently that finally she was permitted to see the President, who greeted her by name

and as cordially as any lady whom he met. "It was very kind of you," he said to this faithful and happy friend, "to come over to see me for old times' sake."

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt made a visit to his mother's old home in Georgia.

"This is Auntie Grace," a lady said to the President, as she led up an aged negro woman, bent under the weight of laborious years.

"Mom Grace, you mean, don't you?" the President quickly asked. "I have always heard her called Mom Grace."

"Yes, sah," said Mom Grace, as her wrinkled face beamed with pride, "dis am Mom Grace, Miss Mittie's nuss; and you was Miss Mittie's son."

"Yes, Mom Grace, I am Miss Mittie's son and I am certainly happy to see you. Where is Daddy Williams?"

Then an old man was presented to the President, an old slave in the family of Mr. Roosevelt's mother, and he was greeted heartily. Afterward, when the Presidential party was about to be photographed, Mr. Roosevelt made the photographer wait until Mom Grace and Daddy Williams were added to the group.

Wherever he would go he was on the same good footing with all. Out West two old Indians, whom he knew in his ranching days, presented themselves, and smiled as broadly as the solemn red man can when he recognized them and grasped their hands. A characteristic instance of his consideration for others was noted at one stopping place of the Presidential train. A forlorn little girl, in a threadbare coat, stood on the very outskirts of the pressing crowd about the station, a picture of despair because she could not get nearer the President. Mr. Roosevelt spied her disappointed face while he was speaking. As soon as he had finished, he leaped into the throng and parted it, as he made his way to her side and seized her hand, though the train was moving away and he must run to catch it.

The President set his Cabinet at work to help him in spreading the doctrines he preached and its members were sent here and there to explain the purposes of the administration. He had not been in the Presidency a month, when, in a letter to a friend, he said that his only desire to make a change in the McKinley Cabinet was to get more men who would be able to go before the people and champion his measures.

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INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MARCH 4, 1905

Thus in the earliest stages of his power he planned to summon to his aid the greatest force in a free country, — public opinion. That was to be the foundation of his administration, and his success in wielding this mighty force soon overwhelmed all opposition. The first notable test came on reciprocity with Cuba. The nation was solemnly pledged to give that boon to the Cubans, and the President, in his first message, earnestly urged Congress to grant it. The tariff lobby, however, was too strong and it killed the bill. The President was badly defeated.

Then he went to the people. He argued the question with them, as the court of last appeal. He placed the issue before the constituents of the senators who had led the fight against him, and they were rebuked in the platforms of their own state conventions. When the next session of Congress opened, the members came back, with instructions from home to stand by the President. The leader of the lobby himself went to the White House and surrendered.

This story has been repeated in every serious contest which President Roosevelt has made. His fights have been fought out before the entire public

and he has refused to be drawn into mere factional quarrels. He has been direct in his dealings with individuals, as he has been in his dealings with the country at large. He has told them what he wanted and why he wanted it. If a senator opposed him, the President would have him at the White House as quickly as he could be brought there, and they would talk it over as man to man. He would not sit aloof at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue wrapped in Presidential reserve while a misunderstanding might undo his plans at the Capitol.

When the time came for the consideration of candidates for the election in 1904, he did not hide or dissemble his honorable ambition to be chosen by the people to the high office which had devolved upon him at the death of President McKinley. "I do not believe in playing the hypocrite," he wrote privately to a friend. "Any strong man fit to be President would desire a renomination and reëlection after his first term. It is pleasant to think that one's countrymen believe well of one. But I shall do nothing whatever to secure my nomination save to try to carry on the public business in such shape

that decent citizens will believe I have shown wisdom, integrity, and courage."

Many interests and many political leaders longed to be rid of a President who made his pledges to the people instead of to them. This feeling was reflected in Ohio on the eve of a state convention. One faction there was moving to indorse Mr. Roosevelt for the nomination, while the other insisted that the National Convention was a year off and that it was too early for the party to take its stand. Mr. Roosevelt was in the far West at the time, but he dictated a brief statement to the press, in which he plainly and candidly said that he wished to be nominated, and that he saw no reason why those who favored his nomination should not say so.

That bold stroke settled the question. There was no further doubt or discussion. His nomination and his election became equally a foregone conclusion. When the National Convention met at Chicago, it was merely to go through the form of registering the unanimous wish of the Republicans of all the country. The campaign that followed was freer from uncertainty than any Presidential campaign before, within the memory of living men. The

opposition was left without an issue, and the only doubt was as to how many of its voters could be kept away from Roosevelt.

His triumph in the election was complete and astounding. His majority on the popular vote was three times greater than any candidate ever had received. He polled seven hundred and fifty thousand more votes than the Republican congressional ticket. Everywhere he was stronger than his party. In four states, Massachusetts, Missouri, Minnesota, and Montana, which Roosevelt carried, the Republican candidates for governor were defeated by the Democrats. He had received a more liberal commission from the people than they ever had given to a President, and even the bitterest of his political opponents joined in the well wishes of the nation.

On the wires which brought him at the White House the tidings of his great victory, and of the national rejoicing, he sent to his countrymen this unexpected message: "I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people, in expressing their confidence in what I have done, and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsi-

bility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it.

"On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance, and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

The President's announcement was a great surprise to the public. Probably the tradition against a third term in the Presidency would not have been seriously urged by many persons against a second election for Mr. Roosevelt. By a somewhat forced construction of the tradition, he had chosen to deny himself the two elections by the people, which all successful Presidents have claimed and received. Whatever his motive for this act, it had the effect of lifting him in his new term of office above the suspicion of self-seeking. He had placed himself where no man could threaten him with a loss of future honors, or could doubt that his sole purpose was to serve his country.

CHAPTER XXI

"THE SQUARE DEAL"

How President Roosevelt has given it to all. — Rescuing the government from the control of incorporated wealth. — His scorn of lawless money-getting. — His cautious and resolute attitude toward the big corporations. — Downfall of the great railway merger. — Railways and trusts brought into court. — Wielding the power of public opinion for the settlement of the Coal Strike, October 15, 1902. — Railway magnates refuse when the President asks them to coöperate with him in framing and passing a Regulation Bill. — Their defeat. — Law enacted, June 29, 1906. — The President's strategy. — The meat packers defy him and public opinion forces through the Meat Inspection Law, June 30, 1906. — The Pure Food Law enacted, June 30, 1906. — Locking up United States senators. — "This government never shall be a plutocracy."

"THE labor unions shall have a square deal, and the corporations shall have a square deal, and, in addition, all private citizens shall have a square deal."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To rescue their government from the control of wealth, and to lift the dignity of their nation above the dollar, was the plainest commission which the American people gave Theodore Roosevelt when they elected him to the Presidency. His obligation was to them alone. It had been beyond the power of any

private interest, or of any class, to defeat him. All the world knew what he meant by "the square deal."

When he first entered the White House, he found the government at Washington bound in a close partnership with the wealth of the country, and the government was only a silent partner. Wealth was the controlling member of the firm. It had all come about in a very natural way. There had been a period of hard times a few years before, and, in the midst of it, the campaign of 1896 was fought on the question of restoring prosperity. The rich man was anxious for a full purse, and the poor man for a full dinner pail. Wealth had sided with the Republican party and had poured forth millions in money to elect the Republican candidates, and they won.

Thus the partnership began. Prosperity was the only watchword, and the President of the United States was hailed as its advance agent. Every policy was shaped to that one end. The great corporations directed the councils of the party in power, and no man in those councils ever ventured to question the measures adopted. No one wished to "disturb business." Laws were made and administered

solely to "help business." The stock ticker became the pulse of the nation. Huge combinations of capital, great trusts and giant mergers, billion-dollar corporations, were the order of the day. "Napoleons of finance" dreamed of grasping control of all the industries of the nation, and placing the factories and mines, the banks and the railways, in the hands of a few men.

There were combinations so vast that they overshadowed the national government, and their managers were paid salaries which made the constitutional emolument of the President seem a mere pittance. The presiding genius of Wall Street enjoyed a greater renown than the chief of state, and abroad he was more eagerly welcomed by kings and ministers than the accredited ambassadors of the Republic. Measures of government were well-nigh crowded out of the attention of the citizens by the dazzling gains and world-wide operations of a few private individuals.

Suddenly there was a new force to be reckoned with. Theodore Roosevelt was President. He owed nothing to the kings of finance and the captains of industry. They had encountered him in the Gov-

ernorship of New York, and had sighed with relief when they saw him "shelved" in the Vice-Presidency. They knew, however, that he was not their enemy, nor the enemy of prosperity, for there was no shock in the stock market when he became President. Nevertheless, it was known of all men that he stood in no awe of wealth and that he believed law and justice the only sound basis of national well-being.

His scorn of lawless money-getting was a matter of record, for in his "American Ideals" he had arraigned it in these bitter terms: "The conscienceless stock speculator, who acquires wealth by swindling his fellows, and by debauching judges, and corrupting legislatures, and who ends his days with the reputation of being among the richest men in America, exerts over the minds of the rising generation an influence worse than that of the average murderer or bandit, because his career is even more dazzling in its success, and even more dangerous in its effects upon the community."

Strong as his opinions were on the subject, the new President did not adopt the methods of a fanatic, and begin a wild onslaught on the trusts. He was as cautious as he was resolute toward them.

At the assembling of Congress, ten weeks after he became President, he said in his message that the first measure to be taken in regard to the great corporations should provide for complete publicity as to their affairs. He argued that this would correct many of the abuses and expose all of them. Then, with the facts before it, the government would be able to determine its future policy with justice and wisdom. After some delay Congress responded by establishing the Department of Commerce and Labor, and setting up within it a Bureau of Corporations, charged with the power and duty of investigation.

In the following March the Attorney-General, by the direction of the President, brought suit for the purpose of having the Northern Securities Company dissolved as an unlawful combination. This company was an enormous trust, formed for the control of certain great trunk lines of railway leading to the upper Pacific coast. Plans were all made for similar companies, or mergers as they were called, in other sections, and ambitious men were arranging to bring under their control virtually all the iron highways of the country.

The governors of six northwestern states had asked President Roosevelt to attack the Northern Securities Company, and he gave orders that it be prosecuted without fear or favor. Wall Street could no longer direct the government at Washington by long-distance telephone. The reigning monarch of American finance hastened to the White House to warn the President of the peril of "disturbing business"; but in vain. A powerful senator, formerly the ambassador of the "business interests," asked the President to be careful. The wealth of the country had brought the administration to power, and the administration was bound by its obligations to the trusts. The President smilingly told the senator to read his letter accepting the nomination for Vice-President, and quietly assured his caller he would stand by that pledge and by no other.

That was the parting of the ways between the government and the trusts. All the other great mergers were suspended while the battle raged in the courts for two years. The government scored a signal triumph in the end, and the Northern Securities Company was ordered dissolved. No other railway trust has since been attempted.

In the same month that this famous suit was begun, other suits were brought against individual railways and against big packing-house companies, for violations of the old anti-trust law, many of which were fought to a successful issue. While the laws already on the statute books were thus tested in the courts, the President started a campaign of popular education in the interest of further legislation. In the fall of 1902 he made a speaking tour, in the course of which he argued, in moderate terms, for the governmental regulation of corporations doing an interstate business, and his sentiments were received with enthusiasm everywhere.

All through the summer of that year a great strike raged in the anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Mining was almost entirely stopped, and, as the winter approached, the people of the East were confronted with a coal famine. Where it was possible to get any of the fuel at all, the price was two and three and four times higher than the usual rate. The people were alarmed by the prospect, for it looked as if the strike would continue through the winter. The miners would not return to work unless the owners would agree to submit the claims

of their employees to arbitration, and the mine managers absolutely refused to consider the demands of the union.

In this grave crisis President Roosevelt ventured to act. No law gave him any authority in the matter, but he relied on public opinion to sustain him. He was suffering at the time from an injury to his leg, which he had received in the collision with the electric car in Massachusetts, but which had not manifested itself in a troublesome degree until weeks after the accident. With his wounded leg lying in a chair, he received the owners and the representatives of the miners, when they called on him by his invitation. With all the earnestness of his nature he begged them to arbitrate their differences. Mr. John Mitchell, the president of the miners' union, said that he was, and always had been, ready for arbitration. The employers, however, insisted that there was nothing to arbitrate, and the conference broke up.

The owners smiled triumphantly as they left the President in his disappointment, and talked bravely of continuing the fight. The spectacle excited the indignation of the country. The people resented

the attitude of the men who controlled the mines as an insult to the chief magistrate of the nation and a defiance of public opinion. Thus a force was aroused, which no power in the land can withstand, and within two weeks of the day that the owners had turned their backs upon the President they were assuring him that they would agree to arbitration, if only he would appoint the arbitrators. At once the men returned to the mines, and soon the commission of distinguished men selected by the President was sitting in arbitration. It was an impressive exhibition of President Roosevelt's ability in employing public opinion.

Throughout his first term the President, without any flourish, but persistently, applied the laws as they stood to the railways and the trusts. In a few instances Congress strengthened the statutes and encouraged him in his work. At the outset of his second term, deriving his power now directly from all the people, he entered upon the task of getting new legislation. Before adopting any plan of railway regulation he sought the practical advice of the leading railway men of the country and endeavored to gain their support of some just meas-

ures of governmental supervision. In this effort he failed. The active railway officials, the presidents and traffic managers, it was understood, were inclined to coöperate with him, but their masters in Wall Street restrained them, confident that they could prevent any legislation whatever.

There was a great fight in Congress, lasting through months. The President's strategy never was more severely tested. He demanded much more than he could possibly get, and probably more than he wished, and thus had something to concede in the game of give and take, which is the secret of successful statesmanship. In the end he led men who, in the beginning of the session, had opposed any regulation, cheerfully to accept the final modified bill, and it was passed by both houses almost unanimously.

At the same session the President proposed a law for the inspection of meat packing. He had learned from a secret report that this immense business was often carried on under such filthy and dishonest conditions as to imperil the health of all who ate the products of the packing houses, and to cheat the purchasers. Again the President tried to gain the

coöperation of the corporations, involved in passing a fair law. They defied him, as the railway magnates had defied him. In these circumstances he was obliged to send the secret report to Congress, and spread its disgusting revelations before the world. Nothing further was needed. Public opinion compelled the immediate enactment of a meat inspection law. A kindred statute, which the President successfully advocated at the same time, is known as the Pure Food Law, a law which was aimed at some of the oldest and most notorious abuses in American trade.

Meanwhile, through the Department of Justice, he was dragging the mighty Standard Oil Company into court, and convicting railways and shippers, in the East and the West, for giving and taking unlawful rebates. Through the Post Office Department he was adopting measures which would prevent the railways from any longer drawing out of the national treasury millions of dollars yearly in excess of their just dues for carrying the mails. A senator of the United States was convicted and imprisoned for attempting to influence an executive department contrary to the law, and another senator was

convicted for joining in a conspiracy to steal the public lands.

All these great transactions were done so soberly and in a spirit of such manifest fairness, that the very men whose practices were most affected by them found no chance to assail the motives of the President. They could not dismiss him as a cheap demagogue or accuse him of being the enemy of honest wealth. Their fellow-countrymen knew too well that they were getting nothing more or less than a "square deal," and the American people stood by President Roosevelt in his declaration that "this government is not and never shall be a plutocracy."

Party lines and party prejudices were overwhelmed by the general confidence in him and in his policies. The opposing political parties in Congress vied with each other in their support of all his principal measures of legislation. Democratic leaders could only protest that he had "stolen their thunder," while the masses of both parties, East, West, North, and South, well-nigh forgot their ancient differences as they rallied around a President whom they hailed as the President of the whole people.

CHAPTER XXII

"THE BIG STICK"

President Roosevelt's maxim is to "speak softly and carry a big stick." — A great peacemaker. — Secretary Hay's tribute to his diplomacy. — Directness and courtesy the characteristic qualities of the Roosevelt policy. — May 10, 1902, sending a representative to the Pope. — Saving the Arbitration Court at The Hague. — February 6, 1903, skilfully checks British and German bombardment of a Venezuelan port. — July 1, 1903, delivering to Russia, in spite of her protests, the petition against outrages on the Jews. — President Roosevelt's crowning victory. — June 12, 1905, ending the great Russo-Japanese War. — August 29, 1905, Russian and Japanese representatives agree at Portsmouth. — A triumph of peace, one of the noblest achievements of American diplomacy.

"THERE is a homely old adage which runs, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far.' If the American nation will speak softly, and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far."

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

That phrase, "a big stick," has gone round the world. Everywhere President Roosevelt has been pictured as the apostle of the big stick. The first part of the old adage was entirely lost on many people.

Nevertheless to "speak softly" is a very significant part of the Roosevelt policy. It is the only key to it. Leave it out, and you have a man who goes about like a bully, looking for trouble and spoiling for a fight. President Roosevelt, on the contrary, has always spoken softly, and never has had to use the big stick at home or abroad. And he has gone far.

It is true that he is ever armed with a big stick. Generally, however, the weapon in his hand takes the form of a righteous cause, charged with the irresistible force of public opinion. Such was the big stick which he swung over the heads of the miners and operators in the coal strike, and he was enabled to go far in that instance. He had not a law nor a soldier behind him. Time and again it has served him in his contests with senators and bosses and with the magnates of the railways and the trusts. It has been equally effective in the relations of this government with foreign nations.

Many must look back with amusement upon the fear with which they saw President Roosevelt take the helm of the great ship of state. Those who assured themselves that he would not upset all our affairs at home, were alarmed lest he might seek to

gratify his supposed thirst for warfare by plunging into strife with other countries. To a caller early in his administration, who earnestly begged him not to rush into an international conflict, the President smiled broadly. "What," he cried, "a war, and I cooped up here in the White House? Never!" Still conservative people for a long time felt that only John Hay, at the head of our State Department, stood between them and havoc.

For four years they cherished this opinion, and then, when they saw the President, while the Secretary of State was absent in Europe on sick leave, win the applause of the world by his skilful and tactful arrangement of a peace between Russia and Japan, they learned for the first time that Mr. Roosevelt was the capable master of the State Department, as well as of all other departments. When Secretary Hay returned, and his chief told him how glad he was to have his help once more, he replied: "It looks to me, Mr. President, as if you don't need a Secretary of State." Mr. Hay's successor, Mr. Root, has said that Mr. Roosevelt himself holds the most important portfolio in the Cabinet — that of "Secretary of Peace."

Frankness, courtesy, and good faith have been the characteristic qualities of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. He has never resorted to the old diplomacy of indirection and deceit. Nor has he adopted what is sometimes termed the "shirt sleeve diplomacy" of rudeness and bluster. "Don't draw unless you mean to shoot" is a maxim which he has brought from the frontier. He has simply tried to have this nation bear itself toward other nations as an honorable and well-bred man bears himself toward his neighbors.

The people of the Philippine Islands most earnestly objected to the continued presence of the Spanish Friars, an order of Roman Catholic priesthood, and to their large holdings of land. The Pope had the power to withdraw the Friars and to settle the question of their lands. But the government of the United States had no official relations with the Pope. That did not restrain President Roosevelt for a min ute. The Pope was the man to see, and a representative was sent to the Vatican. The Pope readily consented to the recall of the priests and to the sale of their property. Thus the matter was adjusted quietly and sensibly, as between two gentlemen.

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The President refused to let himself be bound hand and foot in red tape abroad, no less than at home. Terrible outrages on Jews had been committed in Russia, outrages which horrified the civilized world. Nevertheless, no voice was lifted in protest among the nations, because to do so would be contrary to the rules of diplomacy. Moreover, the Russian government had served notice that it did not care for any foreign advice on the subject. Jewish citizens called upon the President and begged him to forward a petition from them to the Czar, appealing for mercy toward their co-religionists. The President asked them to bring their petition to him. He knew that Russia would decline to receive it, but he was determined that the government at St. Petersburg should be made to feel the moral weight of the document.

The diplomats of Europe were amazed at this temerity. The American government would surely be rebuked, if it forwarded the petition, and the world wondered how it would bear the reproof. When the time came, the President merely sent the petition by cable to the American ambassador and instructed him to read it to the Czar's minister of

Foreign Affairs and ask him if he would receive such a document. Of course the Minister replied that it would not be received, but not until the ambassador had read its contents to him. Russia thus was obliged to hear the appeal, and yet could find no fault with the President's conduct.

It was the good fortune of President Roosevelt to give the peace tribunal at The Hague its first case. The nations had organized that body with many fair promises and then had given it nothing to do. When it was about to perish of this general neglect, President Roosevelt revived it by submitting to it a case known as the Pius claim, which involved the United States and Mexico.

It was not long until he was able to give further evidence of his interest and confidence in the same method of settling international disputes. Germany and Great Britain joined in an attempt to compel Venezuela to pay certain claims they held against her, and their vessels of war bombarded a Venezuelan port. The President called upon them to submit their claims to a peaceful arbitration. The two nations replied that they would agree to his proposal if he would be the arbitrator. They

knew that it would be embarrassing for him to sit in judgment between European powers and a neighboring American republic, and no doubt they felt sure that he would be obliged to decline, and leave them free to seize some of Venezuela's ports. The President, however, politely referred them to the permanent court of arbitration which they had helped to set up at The Hague for the settlement of just such differences as those between them and Venezuela. The two nations were loath to give up their warlike expedition, but they could not escape from the logic of the suggestion from Washington, and thus again the long-neglected tribunal at The Hague received a case through the President's favor.

President Roosevelt's crowning victory for peace was achieved when, in response to his well-timed appeals, Russia and Japan turned from the great battlefields of Manchuria to the council table at Portsmouth. In the pride of his countrymen, his success in that instance stands as one of the noblest achievements of American diplomacy.

It was on June 2, 1905, that the news went around the earth that the President had offered his services to promote peace between the two belligerents. He

appealed to each of them, in the name of a nation which had always been the friend of both and in the sacred interests of humanity, to bring the war to an end. In this momentous and delicate transaction his method was as direct and simple as if he were a private individual seeking to stop a quarrel between two of his friends. The openness of his plea for peace instantly brought to his support the public opinion of all Christendom, united now perhaps as it never had been united before, and if either of the warring nations had spurned his counsels, it would have incurred a moral disaster. As a matter of fact, the conflict really had ceased the moment he lifted his hand. The immense armies paused, and the martial hosts of the Czar and the Mikado rested on their arms.

No triumph of war could have stirred the pride of all Americans as it was stirred by the triumph of peace, which they beheld on August 5, 1905, when their President brought together on the deck of his yacht at Oyster Bay the representatives of Russia and Japan. In the weeks of negotiation which followed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the world despaired time and again of an agreement between the two powers. It seemed as if President Roosevelt alone never

lost faith in the ultimate victory of common-sense.

He was in a most delicate situation. The eyes of the nations were upon him, and he must answer to all the jealous governments of Europe for the absolute correctness of his conduct. The peace representatives were his guests, and if he should venture to advise either party, he must do it without offence to the very tender sensibilities of the other. Repeatedly he found a way to hold the conferees together when they were about to part and abandon all efforts for peace. Now one of the Russians would be summoned to the President's summer home, and now one of the Japanese. At one time the Czar's ministers announced they were packing their trunks and going home.

Amid all the passion and bluffing of the occasion, the President, sitting by his long-distance telephone, moved steadily and confidently toward the goal of peace. When at last it became necessary, in order to save the conference from utter wreck, he appealed directly to the Czar, and, on August 29, his reward came. Peace was agreed upon, and the name of Theodore Roosevelt was written high on the scroll of the world's peacemakers.

CHAPTER XXIII

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE"

Mistaken notions of the true meaning of this famous doctrine. — As exemplified by President Roosevelt it does not mean a noisy running up and down the earth, a life without repose, but an orderly life, organized to save time and to get the most out of living. — Mr. Roosevelt's wonderful capacity for work and play. — A pen picture of the man. — Some anecdotes of his athletic feats. — His wide range of reading. — Breaking the rule that Presidents shall not leave the country. — The trip to Panama, sailing November 8, 1906. — "The strenuous life" in the tropics. — Inspiring the men on the canal with a new patriotic determination.

"I WISH to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life — the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach the highest form of success, which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"The square deal," "the big stick," and "the strenuous life" are the three phrases which President Roosevelt has embodied before the world. To

mention them is to call to the mind's eye the sturdy figure of the man who coined them. Some people, however, seem to regard him as the champion of a restless and fruitless activity, of a nervous, noisy, senseless running up and down the earth, and of a life without repose and without reflection; a votary of St. Vitus.

As a matter of fact, no active life could be more methodical, more orderly, than the President's. He keeps himself under the strictest discipline. He never smokes; his days are carefully planned and divided. He is regular in his eating and sleeping, in his work and in his play. But he has not a minute to lose or waste. Time is priceless to him. He has use for all there is.

It is only by organizing his life that he has been enabled to bear so easily the burdens of power. They are burdens which have crushed some men. He has thrived under them. He has worn joyously the cares of the Presidency which have embittered other chief magistrates. Yet he has received more callers, entertained more guests at his table, read more books, written more letters, made more speeches, gone on more tours, and indulged in more pastimes, than any other President.

His capacity for work is the envy of his countrymen. They never hear that he is too tired or sick to keep an engagement or meet an emergency. He stands before the world an example of rugged strength. In height he measures five feet nine inches. Nature was not generous to him in any way. Physically, he had to make himself what he is. His head itself is shaped for combat. Beneath a broad, full forehead, crowned with brown hair, his blue, near-sighted eyes look out keenly above the short, straight nose with its heavy nostrils, fitted to scent the battle afar. Between a pair of thick lips gleam the teeth in massive jaws which can snap like a spring trap. The neck is a short but sturdy supporter of the head, and rests upon athletic shoulders, which fit into the splendid, arched chest, whose forty-six inches are worthy of a gladiator's pride. His hands are thick and short, and expressive of nervous strength. The thighs of his short legs are sinewy, and the calves are like those of a pedestrian in training. Even his feet, which are large, suggest the strength of the man, and he stands like one well anchored.

His walking has become one of the recognized terrors of White House hospitality. An old Har-

vard classmate, who had just come to Washington to take an office under the administration, joined him in his favorite afternoon tramp. After trudging breathlessly at the President's heels over a long and exhausting course, their path brought them to a pond. Night was falling, and the President, mischievously choosing to take the shortest way, placed his money and his watch in his hat, and plunged into the water. The new subordinate dutifully followed his chief, but while shaking his clothes on the other side he did venture to ask why such a damp route should have been taken. "What difference does it make?" the President asked. "It was the quickest way, and a little wetting does no harm."

Another novice, who needed to be broken in, was made to scramble up a forty-foot bank after the President. It was a steep and difficult climb. No sooner were they at the top than the President said, "Let's go down."

"And, pray, what did we come up here for?" the green beginner asked.

"Just to see if we could do it," was the reason sufficient to the President.

Once, walking along the shore of the Potomac, the

President and his party came to a stone quarry which jutted out into the river and cut off the path. There was a boat at hand, to enable persons to get around the obstruction. Two of his companions jumped into it and motioned the President to a seat. "Meet me on the other side," was his reply, and, followed only by his son, Theodore, Jr., he crept across the blasted face of the rock, holding on by sticking his toes into the little clefts and clutching at others with his hands.

One day, at the close of his office labors, he will be carried off to Maryland in an automobile, for the sake of walking back a dozen miles or so, not reaching home till 9.30. The next day will find him in his saddle for a twenty-mile course. As soon as he became President he asked a friend to find him two good riding horses for the White House stables. This gentleman felt the responsibility of his commission, and he took care that the President should not come to harm through horses selected by him. When the purchases were brought up for approval, the first horse stepped about gently and gracefully, as if to music in a parade. He wouldn't do at all. The second animal had a mincing tread, but the

President did contrive to goad him into a gallop. When, however, he was driven up to a three-foot hurdle, he stopped and sniffed at it with mild curiosity. His rider had seen enough, and, with a sigh of disappointment, he jumped off and threw the bridle to the groom.

"Well, sir?" the groom said inquiringly.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, send them back. I ordered horses, not rabbits."

In the end he got what he wished, horses that combined spirit with gentleness, horses equal to long swings into the country, under the no longer light load of their master, and capable of taking a five-barred fence, as one of them is seen to be doing in a familiar picture of the President.

There is hardly an end to the variety of President Roosevelt's athletic activities. He has built a good clay court back of the executive offices and often plays as many as seven sets at tennis with some member of the little group of congenial friends, who have been widely celebrated as "the tennis Cabinet." He is always ready for a bout with the swords, and early in his administration he took lessons in the famous Japanese exercise, Jiu Jitsu. Its useful-

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE SADDLE

ness so impressed him that he caused it to be added to the athletic training at the Annapolis and West Point academies.

The strenuous life, however, is not all action, by any means. Few cloistered scholars read more than the President. He rests with a book in his hand. While waiting for an important conference he was found holding an Italian text of Dante's "Inferno" in one hand, and John A. Carlyle's prose translation in the other. He loafs with Plutarch, some of whose books he is said to have read a thousand times.

A list of only a part of his reading for two years of his Presidency is bewildering in length and range, including such a wide sweep of literature as represented by Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Aristotle, the "History of Greece," the "Life of Alexander the Great," Mahaffy's "Study of the Greek World," Maspero on the early Syrian, Chaldean and Egyptian civilizations, Froissart, Marbot's "Memoirs," Bain's "Charles XII," Macaulay, Gibbon, Motley, Carlyle, Bacon, Shakespeare, Drayton's Poems, Dante, Molière, Beaumarchais, Oliver Wendell Holmes,

Tolstoi, Scott, Cooper, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Dickens, Thackeray, Conan Doyle, Lever, Keats, Browning, Poe, Tennyson, Longfellow, Kipling, Lowell, Stevenson, Hans Andersen, Joel Chandler Harris, Artemus Ward, and John Burroughs.

In the midst of the crowded campaign of 1904 he read all of Macaulay's "History of England," Dickens's story of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States." The only thing that makes it possible for the President to read so much and so variously is his remarkable power of concentration. Nothing distracts him from the book before him. It becomes for the moment the sole business of his life, and he reads so swiftly that he finishes a volume in the time that the average reader bestows on twenty pages.

It is little wonder that a President of such boundless activity should have broken through the tradition, as old as the Republic, against the chief executive leaving the soil of the United States. This ancient precedent had been so studiously observed by Mr. Roosevelt's twenty-four predecessors that many people believed that Presidents were forbidden by a written law to visit a foreign country. Re-

peatedly they had carefully turned back at Niagara Falls, at the last inch before the suspension bridge leaps across the invisible line between their country and Canada. Emperors and kings had called on Presidents, but their calls were never returned.

When, however, President Roosevelt wished to see the Panama Canal in construction, he paid no more attention to the old legend than he would to a cobweb about his feet. This great national undertaking, which he had begun, is very near to his heart and pride. He is the director-in-chief of the work and he was tired of conflicting reports and second-hand information. He would see for himself what had been done and what could be done.

The admiral's and the captain's quarters on the battleship *Louisiana* were thrown into a state suite for the comfort of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The wireless telegraph aboard kept him in constant communication with the White House throughout the voyage. He passed most of the time with his books; but he took occasion to inspect the big ship in every part. He ate one meal with the crew and he went down into the fireroom and shovelled coal into the monster furnace.

Arrived at the Isthmus, he courteously declined a banquet in his honor. He had no time for anything but the canal. "I have come," he said, "to see how they are going to dig that ditch; how they are going to build that lock; how they are going to get through that cut." Arrayed in a Panama hat and a white duck suit, he landed at seven o'clock in the morning, in the worst storm in ten years. He paid small heed to the tropic torrents which no waterproof coat could turn, for he is not a sunshine man.

On the little railroad which runs beside the route of the canal he was surrounded by the chief officials, at whom he fired questions as if from a machine gun. His stenographer by his side took down questions and answers, and from time to time the President would dictate a section of his forthcoming report to Congress on the subject of his investigation. Passing a schoolhouse that the Americans had set up on the strip of American soil ten miles wide through which the canal is to be dug, the train paused while the little children of many nations sang in their newly taught English, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." The

President beamed upon them with joy, and he praised their proud Yankee schoolma'ams by name.

He politely excused himself from the fine luncheon which had been spread for him at the hotel, and made straight for the big mess hall of the mechanics. His party could only follow him at a distance, as he rapidly strode up the hill and into the rude dining room, where the men were eating. The flustered manager hurried away for a tablecloth, only to be called back by his unexpected guest, who said, "Just get the crumbs off this table here and go ahead." Then he popped into the kitchen. The head cook was overwhelmed with confusion. He was sorry things weren't picked up; but the President assured him that he thought the place looked all right. Offered a "Panama cocktail" of quinine and brandy, he declined it, and instead took from his own pocket a two-grain quinine pill, which he had provided against the malarial weather. "Good as any one could wish," was his verdict when he had finished his hearty meal.

The next thing to interest him was one of the monster steam shovels, picking up ten tons of earth at every bite. It fascinated him, and he climbed up

beside the man who runs it, and who rose and spread a handkerchief in his seat. The President looked at the handkerchief and picked it up and handed it back to the man. Then he sat down and ran the machine. He asked the man if he had any grievance. Yes, he had; he had lost some extra pay. The chief engineer of the canal was summoned at once, and, seated on his grimy throne, the President heard the case. Another man stepped up and complained that he was underpaid. "Not paid enough?" the President said, quizzingly. "You're not unique in that. Do you know that some intelligent persons have even said that the President of the United States is not paid enough for his work?"

He went to the cooking quarters of the Jamaica negroes, who swarmed around him. He didn't like one thing about it. Turning to his stenographer, always at his side, note-book in hand, he said, "Cook shed — iron roof, good; floor, a swamp."

"We are going to have a concrete floor," the Superintendent explained.

"When? Why not now?" the President replied.

After a few hours of inspection the President would find it necessary to change to dry clothing.

He called on the President of the Panama Republic, who gave a reception in his honor. President Roosevelt was very gracious to all, but before he had finished his speech, which was translated for his audience, he took occasion to show the Panamans the "big stick." With flashing eyes, clinched jaws, and doubled fist, he warned them against the revolutionary habit, and plainly told them that unless their government could preserve the peace it would not last.

For three days the President, drenched and besplashed with mud, was ceaseless in his investigations. At every point he was saying, "Yes, yes, but what I wish to know is —" He fired every man on the work with his own enthusiasm, and when a group of American machinists cried out at him, "Teddy's all right!" he replied, "You are all right, and I wish there were enough of me to say it with all the force I feel. Every man who does his part well in this work leaves a record worthy of being made by an American citizen. You are a straight out lot of Americans and I am proud of you."

When the President sailed away, he left behind him a new feeling of loyalty and determination

throughout the canal zone. The Americans there were no longer working for a mere wage, but for the glory of their country as well. Their patriotism had been aroused and their task lifted to a higher plane. They had seen an example of the "strenuous life," and had caught its spirit.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

How callers get to him in the executive offices and how he greets them. — Rushing times at a reception. — Mr. Roosevelt's welcome to men from his old Wild West and to the Carlisle Indian football team. — His weakness for his Rough Rider comrades amuses those around him. — How one member of his regiment lost favor. — Bill Sewall, the guest of the President. — The record of a busy day. — Five hundred to one thousand letters daily. — Mr. Roosevelt's story of the best meal he ever ate. — His interest in the birds in the White House grounds. — Squirrels that have no fear of "the big stick."

No man of affairs in the country is more accessible than President Roosevelt. There are many presidents of little banks, there are obscure storekeepers, whom it is more difficult to see than it is to gain an audience with this President of eighty million people, this chief of a great world power. No lackeys in livery surround him, no divinity hedges him in from his countrymen.

Two policemen stand at the door of the executive building in the White House grounds, but only to preserve order. Any one may enter and apply to a secretary for permission to speak to the President.

Whoever has a fair reason for this request is admitted to the reception room at the earliest opportunity. When fifteen or twenty callers are gathered there, the door leading from the President's office opens, and the President bounds in, beaming with his genuine good-natured interest in his fellow-men, and, with a "Glad to see you," seizes the first hand. He does not stand or sit, in the usual Presidential state, but bears himself as if he were in his own home and receiving a group of personal friends. He has no time to waste, however, and is so quick to catch the point of each man's mission, that he is able to dispose of it before a long-winded visitor can get half through his introductory remarks. "Yes, yes," he will say; "I know you, and I am delighted to see you. But you must put your application in writing. Yes, put it in writing, and send it to me with your indorsements, and I will see what can be done for you."

A whispering caller is put to the blush by the President's outspoken reply: "Oh, I know all about that. Yes, certainly I do. And I have no doubt you would fill the bill. But I don't know whether there is a vacancy. Don't you know that

it is impossible for me to keep all these things in my head? Write out your application. Write it out and send it to me, with your indorsements. Come to see me again soon; good-by."

Now he whirls across the room with outstretched hand: "Hello, Senator; how are you? I want to see you in my office. You know I am depending on you now as one of my main props." Turning about, his eye lights upon a man from Iowa, and his welcome rings out: "Hello, Colonel; I am glad to see you. How are my old friends in Davenport, and especially Miss French ["Octave Thanet"]? Tell her I read everything she writes." In a few minutes he has greeted and sent away all in the room, which thus fills and is emptied five or six times in the course of a busy morning. Whoever the caller may be, whatever his business and wherever he may come from, this very national President knows instantly how to meet him. To a Montana crowd, which he found waiting for him one day, he said as he entered the reception room: "If the proprieties did not forbid, a whole-souled yell from me would be in order in greeting you. Montana is like home to me. Your irrigation plans concern the

Red River district. I have hunted all over it, and I will do what I can for you."

The President's Western life is probably responsible for his intelligent and effective interest in irrigation and in forest reservations. In his administration the great work of reclaiming the mighty waste places of the plains was begun and has been carried forward vigorously. Already homes have been made for thousands in what was formerly a desert. At the same time the President has rescued immense tracts of forest from the ruthless axe of the greedy lumberman and saved the trees for the benefit of the general public and of the generations to come.

The football team of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, came to the White House after a victorious game. "De-lighted!" exclaimed the President as he grasped the big hand of the captain. "You're a good quarter-back, Johnson. The mass play of your team was splendid." Seizing the hand of another he said: "Your play was brilliant. You made three touch-downs, didn't you? How in the world did you do it?" The President talked football with all of them, and sometimes he would enter

into a discussion of the points in their latest game. He asked nearly every one of them to what tribe he belonged. He knew the big chiefs of some of their tribes, and the red men smiled broadly when he spoke of their leaders.

"De-lighted," as no doubt the President honestly is to come in touch with all sorts and conditions of men, the one variety of the human species for which he has an extra cordial welcome is the Rough Rider. "My regiment" is very much in his mind and very close to his heart.

"Mr. President," said Senator Bard of California, according to a current story, "I wish to present to you my friend —"

"Why, hello, Jim," the President cried as he recognized in the Senator's friend a man from the ranks of the Rough Riders; "how are you?"

The two men clasped hands heartily and the Senator was forgotten. When the President was obliged to turn to his other callers, he said, as he hastened away, "Come up to dinner to-night, Jim, just as you are;" and then, on second thought, he added, "Be sure to bring Bard with you."

"Who's in there?" the venerable Senator Cullom

asked one day, with a jerk of his finger toward the door of the inner room of the President. "Somebody who was in the Rough Riders," an attendant answered.

"Oh, well," the Senator sighed with a smile as he turned away, "what chance has a mere senator!"

Often when there is a place calling for hazardous and faithful work, the President thinks of "just the man" for it among his Rough Rider comrades. Once he was happy to select a Rough Rider to be United States marshal on the frontier. His choice was opposed before the Senate. One Senator went to see the President and told him that the man was accused of being a hard drinker.

"I know," the President answered. "He has told me all about that, and I have his word that he will not taste liquor while he holds a commission from me."

Another Senator came and said it was reported that the nominee was a gambler.

"I know," the President said. "He himself has told me all about that. You know we can't insist on the standards of the East for men out on the frontier. I have known many a good man there who in a

pressing emergency has taken up gambling as a livelihood. But I am sure that this man never ran a skin game of any kind, and he won't touch a card while he is marshal, for I have his word for that."

Then another Senator came along. He was troubled because he had heard that the man was a rough character, who had lost an ear in a fight.

"I know," the President said again. "He is not the smoothest character in the world, but you don't want an elegant gentleman to chase desperadoes and round them up."

Finally, however, evidence was laid before the President that this man had served a sentence in prison. He could not believe it. But when he telegraphed him, the reply was a confession. The man had shrunk from laying bare that one chapter in his life, although if he had, the President probably would have stood by him loyally. Now he felt that he had been deceived. The Senate had confirmed the nomination, but the President tore up the commission, which lay on his desk. He could not brook deception.

Theodore Roosevelt has the plain man's love of loyalty. After he had been Governor a little while,

the negro messenger whom he had found in the Executive Chamber became the father of a boy, and he named him Roswell Flower in honor of his old master, Mr. Roosevelt's predecessor in the Governor's chair. He explained to his new employer that he did it because Governor Flower had been very good to him. The man's loyalty sealed his fate with Mr. Roosevelt, who not only kept him as the Governor's messenger, but also took him to Washington as the messenger of the Vice-President, notwithstanding it was in violation of custom to have a negro messenger in the Senate.

Bill Sewall was not in the Rough Riders, but he shared the rough life with Mr. Roosevelt on the ranch, and he is never forgotten. He and his wife were brought all the way from their home in Maine to be the special guests of the President. They were shown the sights of the city in a White House carriage, under escort of a man detailed to entertain them. At the Capitol they occupied the President's section in the Senate gallery, and Senator Lodge, at the President's request, acted as their guide throughout the great building. Mrs. Roosevelt told Mrs. Sewall how often she had heard her husband sigh

for her cakes, and the President talked over old times with Bill.

"The President is always just the same man," Bill declared while on his way home, "whether you see him in high society all dressed up, or in the woods, togged out in a buckskin shirt. He doesn't judge any one by the clothes he wears or by his position in life. He takes a man at his true worth. I know him, for I have slept under the same blanket with him." When the chance came, the President appointed Sewall to be the Collector of customs in his district. Some of the politicians had candidates of their own, but the President told them that they must let him have this one place, to do with it as he pleased. The Sewalls were not forgotten, either, when the daughter of the President was to be married, and they attended the ceremony at the White House.

The President is not only true to his friends, but he can be just to his foes. No one, not even the Spaniards, aroused more wrath in Colonel Roosevelt's breast, at the time of the Spanish War, than a certain major in the quartermaster's department of the regular army. They had a little war between themselves. When this officer came up for the

highest promotion possible to him, his old antagonist of the Rough Riders was President and commander-in-chief. The Rough Rider in Mr. Roosevelt wrestled hard with the chief Magistrate, but in vain. "I wish," said the President to a friend, "I could see my way out of giving that man his promotion. But I can't. He has a tip-top record in the Civil War; he was quartermaster to Crook and Custer; and he saw service in Cuba, China, and the Philippines. Every one indorses him except myself, and I guess I shall have to bow to the majority."

In the President's extraordinary facility in despatching business, in the quickness with which his mind and body move, lies the secret of much of his remarkable efficiency. Before the caller, in stating his mission, comes to the point, the President's thought has swiftly reached it, and his decision is announced in a flash, which fairly takes away the breath of the visitor. If, however, any question of great importance is involved, there is no jumping to conclusions, no snap judgment. No President ever sought advice more freely than Mr. Roosevelt. He is not afraid to confide in men, and he will patiently talk over a serious matter with every one concerned,

summoning men of information from thousands of miles away, and making sure that he has seen the subject from every point of view.

When, however, the question is of a routine character, he knows in an instant what to do, and does not hesitate to take the responsibility of settling it on the spot, once and for all. "Appoint him," "Tell him no," "Go to the Secretary of the Treasury," "Answer that I will go; record the engagement and arrange my trip with the railroads," — thus the President rushes the work that his subordinates bring him.

He has an eye that is as quick as his thought, and it sweeps over a letter or the page of a book with an almost incredible rapidity. A Congressman will hand him a long type-written page. The President darts hardly more than a glance at it and hands it back. "Mr. President," the disappointed member will say, "may I not leave this with you? I am anxious that you should read it."

"But I have read it. You may examine me in it, if you like."

Another will submit a book to the President in the afternoon. That evening there may be a dinner

party or a musicale at the White House, and the next morning the hours will be crowded with duties and callers. At luncheon the man will say, "Mr. President, of course you have not had time to look at that book."

"Oh, yes," the President will answer; "I have read it," and then he will proceed to review it, to the astonishment of his guest. The chances are that he read the book while on his way to bed. Every minute is saved for some use. The country has been amused by the frequent reports of the business transacted by him, letters dictated and interviews carried on, while his face was covered with lather and he was before his shaving glass.

A record of one busy day runs thus: 7.30, the President rises; 9, finishes breakfast; 9–10, with his mail, a stenographer beside him; 10–11, receiving senators and representatives; 11 to 1.30, except on Cabinet days, which are Tuesdays and Fridays, receiving callers by appointment; 1.30, luncheon; 2.30 or 3, callers by special appointment; 4, signs his mail and commissions (sometimes 400 of the latter); 4.30, goes to walk or drive; 7.30, dinner; 9.30, often the most serious business of his day begins in his

library, for this is his first chance to be alone, and to study the matters awaiting action, free from interruptions.

A chief so efficient must have only efficient men around him, and he is fortunate in his secretary, who was with Mr. Roosevelt when he was Governor and when he was Vice-President. The President's sentiments toward this faithful and tactful assistant were thus expressed on the fly-leaf of a book which he gave him: —

To William Loeb, Jr.,
My Friend and Fellow-Politician.
Theodore Roosevelt.

It is the secretary's delicate duty, not only to stand between the President and his callers, but also between him and his numerous correspondents. The White House mail-bags bring from five hundred to a thousand letters a day, the number varying according to passing events. These letters are opened and unfolded by one man, while another then sorts them, sending as many as possible to the departments, and referring the rest to the secretary, who answers most of them without showing them to the President. He does not see more than a hundred of

the daily total. In handling the mail everything is opened by the clerks, even letters marked "personal" and "private." The only communications treated as personal, and which reach the President unopened, bear in the corners of their envelopes the initials of known friends of Mr. Roosevelt, as for instance "H. C. L." for Senator Lodge. Even letters addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt and the children go through this sifting process, for many persons try to bring their wishes to the President's attention by indirection.

The President is always the favorite object of letter-writing cranks, and whenever there is anything going on to excite their interest, they greatly swell his mail. Early in his administration the papers described the White House as overrun with rats, and immediately a stream of friendly advice poured in. The express brought the President a large variety of traps, and one citizen sent him five cats.

Mr. Roosevelt's democratic indifference to social claims was well shown when he invited a party of labor leaders from the mines at Butte, Montana, to luncheon at the White House. While they were

lunching, the President apologized for not giving them as good a meal as one that he ate in their own town. "It was the best I ever had," he told them. "It was in 1885, and Jack Willis, a cowboy friend of mine, and I landed in Butte. Our remittances were delayed and we had just fifty cents between us. We were so hungry we could hardly see. Finally we found a twenty-five cent restaurant, — not a Chinese restaurant either, — and I never had a meal that tasted as well as that one, and I shall never forget Butte."

Not only does the President have a cordial greeting for all under the White House roof, but he also gives a friendly welcome to the feathered visitors who probably never before received any presidential notice whatever. "A pair of red-headed woodpeckers," he records, "have nested for three years in the White House grounds, while the mocking-bird is to be found in several places within easy walking distance, though, sorry to say, it is not in the White House grounds. Neither is the wood thrush, but it is abundant out at Rock Creek Park, within the city limits. Robins, song sparrows, crow blackbirds, and cat-birds nest in the grounds. So, too, do crows, the

enemy of all birds, and, as such, entitled to no mercy. The hearty, wholesome songs of the robins and the sweet homelike strains of the song sparrow are the first to be regularly heard in the grounds, and they lead the chorus. Two or three pairs of flickers nest with us, and a pair of furtive cuckoos. A pair of orchard orioles nested with us one spring, but not again; the redstarts, warbling vireos, and summer warblers have been more faithful. Baltimore orioles frequently visit us, and so do the scarlet tanagers and tufted titmice, but for some reason they do not nest here."

One spring a cardinal had the audacity frequently to wake up the President by his early morning whistling in a magnolia tree just outside his chamber. A Carolina wren spent one winter in the White House grounds and sang freely. The society reporters failed to note his presence and his musical performance, but the President has made grateful record of his entertainment. White-throated sparrows serenade the President, fall and spring, in the course of their migrations.

In the early spring, fox sparrows, and tree sparrows, and snow birds have attracted his attention.

The rabbits, those redoubtable foes of race suicide, breed in the grounds, and now and then the President has caught sight of a wandering possum. Gray squirrels are numerous, and some of them have so little fear of "the big stick," that they eat out of his hand. In the hot June days the indigo bird chants through the afternoon, and one June the President, as he sat in the star-lit darkness on the lovely south portico of the White House, often heard two little saw-whet owls snoring softly.

CHAPTER XXV

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

The President's faithful shadows from the Secret Service. — Saving the White House and making it a decent habitation. — Mrs. Roosevelt as a housekeeper. — Her two kitchens and two dining rooms. — How guests are entertained. — The White House under the Roosevelts no petty palace, but a true American home. — Mr. Roosevelt refuses to take precedence of ladies. — Washington shocked by his freedom from ancient customs. — The simple life at Pine Knob, down in old Virginia. — The President at church.

President Roosevelt had the courage, at the outset of his administration, to take measures to defend himself from assassins and to make the White House a decent habitation.

Three Presidents had been shot down because they had refused to protect themselves. More than a third of the chief magistrates of the republic in thirty-five years had been assassinated. The chosen chief of a free people for a brief term was in more peril of his life than any hereditary monarch of the Old World.

It was a frightful record, and a shameful one, for America. Our land did not really deserve to out-

rank Russia and Turkey as the breeding place of assassins. Our Presidents were murdered because they were the only chiefs of state in the world who were never guarded against the murderous lunatic seeking a shining mark. One protecting hand could have saved Lincoln, Garfield, or McKinley. It was a tradition of the Presidency, however, to have no guard, — to "trust the people."

President Roosevelt was not afraid that his countrymen would think him a coward if he took a few simple precautions to prevent a recurrence of the tragedy at Buffalo, which had shocked the world and stained again the history of the Presidency. He stopped the foolish and exhausting custom of wholesale handshaking, which, after all, was only a vulgar affectation of democracy. He took a detail of men from the Bureau of the Secret Service, and two of them have been beside him on all public occasions. They wear no uniforms, and their presence is not noticed by the people. One sits with the driver of any carriage in which the President rides, and when he addresses a meeting, the secret service men are between him and the crowd. If he goes for a horseback ride in Washington, a cavalry ser-

geant, who is an expert horseman, tries to keep within fifteen paces of him. The people no more resent this simple escort than a man's honest neighbors would take offence because he locked his door against the thief in the night.

Mr. Roosevelt not only had the courage thus to protect himself, but he also believed that the people did not wish to condemn their President to live in shabby quarters. The White House in its pure, classic outlines is a noble dwelling. Sometimes through indifference, sometimes through fear of popular censure, Presidents had suffered it to fall into a neglected condition. There were threadbare carpets, and it was infested with rats and mice. Its space was so poorly arranged that there was little privacy for the family of the President. The servants had to sleep in the cellar. The butcher's and the grocer's carts were driven to the front door, and the provisions were delivered at the same entrance at which ambassadors were received. The kitchen was in full view of the loungers and the passers-by.

"Well, Mr. President," a senator is said to have remarked to President McKinley one morning, "I

see you are to have Irish stew for luncheon to-day."

"Why," exclaimed the President, "how on earth do you know?"

"Oh, as I came in, I saw a party of sight-seers watching what was going on in your kitchen, and so I joined them, and saw your cook making an Irish stew."

Mr. Roosevelt found the house so crowded with clerks and their offices that there were not sufficient accommodations for his family, and no opportunity whatever to practise the hospitality to which he and Mrs. Roosevelt were accustomed. Because of this lack of room it had been proposed from time to time to abandon the place as a residence for the Presidents. Mr. Roosevelt, however, had a reverence for its great associations. He said it was an inspiration to him to tread the halls through which the gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln used to stalk.

He planned to save the White House and make it an agreeable home for the chief executive. An unsightly greenhouse at the right was torn away, and in its place a small office building was erected for the use of the clerical force. This left the Presi-

dent's family in undisputed possession of the upper floor of the mansion. The lower floor, where the drawing-rooms and dining rooms are, was rearranged and beautified in accordance with the design of the structure, while half of the basement was divided into reception rooms, and a new entrance was made through a pretty terrace, which was built on the end opposite the office building. In this entrance twenty-five hundred hat boxes were placed for the convenience of guests on social occasions, while on its roof a pleasant promenade was provided.

The old place was transformed, and yet without sacrificing any of its character. Where formerly guests had to stand in line until they could crowd through the narrow front door, and then, after much confusion, leave by a temporary bridge built through a window, they now enter at ease by the terrace, and are admitted to the roomy parlors in the basement, from which they ascend an imposing stair to the state floor, where they are received by half a dozen military aides, and presented to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. When a guest leaves, he has only to hand to an attendant the slip bearing the number of his carriage, which he received on arriving, and

the number is flashed on an electric sign out in the street, where the waiting coachman can see it.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a devoted and diligent housekeeper, and has left the impress of her taste and care on every part of the remodelled White House. She has two kitchens, one for the cooking of the daily fare, while the other is used only for the preparation of the large dinners. At such times a chef is called in, but ordinarily a woman cook and two helpers are equal to the requirements. Every up-to-date convenience has been installed, including an electric warmer, where three thousand plates can be warmed at once, and there is an electric dumb waiter which goes up or down at the pressing of a button.

There are two dining rooms, the larger being used only for the state dinners, when nearly one hundred guests can be seated and served at the big table, which is in the form of a horseshoe.

A guest bidden to a formal dinner at the White House finds in the dressing room in the basement, when he arrives, a small envelope addressed to himself, which contains a card bearing the name of the lady whom he is to take into the dining room, and with it a diagram of the table, with his seats indi-

cated. The company assembles in the great East Room, and promptly at eight o'clock the President and Mrs. Roosevelt come downstairs from the family floor and enter the room. The President offers his arm to the lady who is to have the place of honor beside him at the dinner, and her husband escorts Mrs. Roosevelt. On the table electric lights gleam through the flowers, and the music of the Marine Band comes softly in from a distant part of the house. It has been said that these state dinners entail an average expense of $1000 each, which must be met out of the President's own purse, as no provision by law is made for his official entertainments.

While President Roosevelt knows how to preserve the dignity of his station, he has refused to be bound by every social tradition which has grown up around the Presidency. He believes that the President of the United States needs to be no more and no less than a gentleman in order to receive all the respect that is due him. "It is my endeavor," he said to a caller early in his administration, "to make the White House during my term not a second-rate palace, like that of some insignificant prince, but the home of a self-respecting American citizen who has

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

been called for a time to serve his countrymen in executive office."

Feeling that his own breeding was good enough, he has refused to put on Presidential manners. For instance, there was an old rule under which he would take precedence of his wife. He rejected it at once, refusing to go through a door before any woman. Again, Washington was shocked one morning, not long after Mr. Roosevelt took office, to hear that the President had walked over to Senator Hanna's to breakfast. A President was supposed never to enter the door of any one outside the circle of his official family, the members of the Cabinet. Mr. Roosevelt, however, would not be a prisoner in the White House. One day he even dropped in at the British Embassy and called on Lord Pauncefote. That was almost treasonable in the eyes of the tradition worshippers, for the Embassy was really foreign soil. Nevertheless they survived to see him sail away from the shores of the United States and pay a visit to the President of Panama.

A story is told of the President joining some house painters, who were at work at the White House.

"How much do you get a day?" he asked one of them.

"Three dollars and a quarter."

"That's mighty good pay for such pleasant work."

Taking a brush, he rapidly covered ten square feet and then said: —

"I used to think I should like to be a painter. It always appealed to me because you can see something accomplished with each stroke of the brush."

Free as the President is in the White House, he sometimes feels the need of a wilder freedom, and then he goes off to a little backwoods place which he has bought in Virginia. There, at "Pine Knob," he has fifteen acres, on which he has built a log cabin with half a dozen rooms in it. It is twelve miles from the railroad, and offers a snug refuge from the world for both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt whenever they can steal away for a few days. At such times the President hunts, and Mrs. Roosevelt delights to do as much of the housework and cooking as she chooses not to leave to her one negro servant on the place. When Sunday comes, she and the President

ride horseback to a church several miles away, and throughout their brief vacations in the Old Dominion they joy in the simple life.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt have striven, in spite of traditions, to live their lives in their own way in the White House. Under their influence it has been an example before the world of an American home. They have made it the meeting place of all the talents of their time. Their roll of guests includes most of the men of action and achievement in all lines of work, ranging from railway presidents to the youth who has brought out his first book, from labor leaders to musicians, from clergymen to explorers. An interesting caller in the morning is likely to be asked to come back for luncheon, and the steward is fortunate if he knows half an hour in advance how many plates to lay. These unofficial entertainments are distinguished for their ease and simplicity.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a most gifted hostess, and one of the few mistresses of the White House so generously endowed with tact as to have escaped criticism. Her devotion to her family leaves no room for social ambitions, and her simple, sincere manners disarm the critics. Her hair is brown, her face fair, and her figure

slender and of medium height. Visitors from foreign countries have remarked the linguistic accomplishments of the President and his wife. He is fond of exercising his German and French, and Mrs. Roosevelt speaks French and Italian with graceful ease.

One of the few misrepresentations of his private life which has provoked a reply from the President was a newspaper story of the elaborate menus of the White House. This so stirred his indignation that he issued a statement in which he took the country into his kitchen confidence. "We eat exactly the same food," he declared, "as do all other American households." For luncheon he often contents himself with a bowl of bread and milk, while "the children have cold meat (if there is any left over), tea, fruit, and bread." As for breakfast, the President said he and his family enjoy their eggs and bacon and rolls and coffee; and as for dinner, instead of the sixteen-course menu with which they were credited, they content themselves nine times out of ten with a three-course dinner and the other time with a two-course one. "I do not feel entitled," the President added, "to deny the last paragraph in the article, for all my children, it must be admitted, do

know how to use knives and forks, they do keep their elbows off the table, and they bow their heads during the saying of grace."

The President attends almost the plainest church in Washington, Grace Reformed Church, the nearest approach in the city to his ancestral denomination, the Dutch Reformed. Mrs. Roosevelt has a pew at St. John's Episcopal, and most of the children go with her. One of them, however, usually takes his father's hand, as he walks off briskly to his modest services, pursued by his shadows from the Secret Service. On entering, the President lays his gloved hand on the uncushioned pew post and bows his head in silent prayer. The deacons praise "Brother Roosevelt" for his promptness in attendance and for his friendly interest in the little church and the plain members of its congregation. He reads the responses with evident enjoyment and sings the hymns lustily.

The pastor's pew is in front of the President's, and the pastor's eight-year-old boy and Mr. Roosevelt are great friends. "It's half my duty in church," he insists to the lad's mother, "to take care of Johnny. I don't know what he would do if I did not look out for him." Once when the President

came back from his summer vacation at Oyster Bay, Johnny asked after the Roosevelt boys. "I don't know how they are," the President replied, "for when I last saw them they were eating green apples."

The President reserves one room for himself in the White House. It was formerly the Cabinet room, and this is where he is most at home. There he is surrounded with a large variety of characteristic keepsakes, — a belt of cartridges, a sword, a Russian revolver which Admiral Togo sent him, the candlestick used in sealing the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia at Portsmouth, and many original drawings of cartoons relating to himself. One of these represents a keen-eyed American farmer, gray-haired and shaggy-bearded, with his stocking feet on a footrest before a fire, and a lamp at his elbow, by the light of which he is reading the President's message.

"That's the old boy I am working for in the White House," President Roosevelt enthusiastically explains to a caller whose attention has been attracted to the cartoon. "The future of this nation rests with him. He will never ask to have the laws set aside. He will never use dynamite as an argument. He is a true American."

CHAPTER XXVI

LIFE AT OYSTER BAY

There alone the President is really at home, amid the scenes of his boyhood, where three generations of the Roosevelts have played. — Sagamore Hill and its trophies of the chase. — Oyster Bay, as the "summer capital," where a clerical force from the White House is busily employed. — The naval reviews. — Going down in a submarine boat. — The peace in the great war between Japan and Russia made at Oyster Bay. — The President's distinguished guests and his pastimes. — Chopping trees and pitching hay. — Feathered visitors whom the Roosevelts welcome.

Oyster Bay is where President Roosevelt really lives. What Mount Vernon was in Washington's time, what Monticello was in Jefferson's, Montpelier in Madison's, the Hermitage in Jackson's, Lindenwald in Van Buren's, Wheatland in Buchanan's, and what Gray Gables was when Cleveland was President, Sagamore Hill is to the nation in our day. It is the President's snug harbor, his haven from the tempests which forever beat upon the White House.

Oyster Bay is home to the President more than any other spot on earth. His grandfather first dis-

covered it for the Roosevelts, and built him a stately summer home there, which he named "Tranquillity." His son succeeded to the place, and in due time his grandson, the President, built his home near-by at Sagamore Hill. All around are the scenes where as a boy he played and dreamed a boy's dreams. In the bay he learned to swim, and in the groves round about he gained his first lessons in nature. He points with pleasure to the place "where three generations of Roosevelts have raced down the steep slope of Cooper's Bluff," and all the coves and hills and hollows are as old friends.

The President's place contains hardly a hundred acres, and not more than twenty acres are under any kind of cultivation. The simple but roomy house sits on a great knoll, where it overlooks a glorious stretch of Long Island Sound and the Connecticut shore beyond. The first story is of brick and the rest of the structure is shingled. Within are spacious halls and rooms, big fireplaces, walls lined with books, and floors strewn with the skins of the bears and mountain lions, panthers, and buffalo, which the master of the place brought back from the chase, while over mantels and doors are magnificent heads

of elk, and deer, and antelope, and Rocky Mountain sheep, all personal souvenirs of "the strenuous life."

Fond as he is of play, Mr. Roosevelt, more than any other President, takes his work with him when he leaves Washington. Oyster Bay actually becomes the summer capital of the nation. Executive offices are opened over a store in the village, and a clerical force is kept busily employed. Several hours each day are given by the President to despatching the correspondence and other public business brought to him by his secretary, and to holding interviews with those who call by appointment. Strangers must first present themselves at the office in the village; and Secret Service men, on guard day and night at Sagamore Hill, see that no one without the proper credentials is permitted to trespass on the President's time.

Oyster Bay, being a suburb of New York, only a few miles from the boundary of the city, and an hour's ride from its centre on the express, receives a constant stream of official and political visitors. The eyes of all the world were upon it throughout the long summer, when the President was making peace between Japan and Russia, from Sagamore Hill.

There he received the embassies of the two warring powers and brought them together, and thither he summoned first one and then the other of them, when their negotiations were threatened with wreck. Hardly a day passes without visitors and affairs of importance. Great naval reviews have been held by the President off the shore of Oyster Bay, and it was from a wharf there that he made his secret trip, unknown to his family, in the submarine boat *Plunger*. He was on her three hours in all, and at one time was under water for fifty minutes, going down to the bottom of the Sound, where he sat as cozy as could be, listening to the explanation of the boat, wholly innocent of the sudden storm which was sweeping the surface of the water above him.

Distinguished guests are nearly always to be found at the President's table at Sagamore Hill. Mr. Jacob Riis tells of his going there to complain that a rule had been adopted by the War Department, discontinuing the custom of having the names of private soldiers who were killed in the Philippines cabled home. The reports merely dismissed the matter by saying that so many unnamed privates had fallen. Mr. Riis's chance to speak of the matter did

not come until he was at luncheon. General Corbin was present, and the President at once turned to him and asked, "General, is there such a rule?"

"Yes, Mr. President," he answered.

"Why?"

"The Department adopted it, I believe, from motives of economy."

"General, can you telegraph from here to the Philippines?"

General Corbin thought that if the order were to be repealed it could better be done from Washington. But the President said: "No, no; we will not wait. The mothers who gave the best they had to the country should not be breaking their hearts that the government may save twenty-five or fifty dollars. Save the money somewhere else." Forthwith, from the table at Sagamore Hill went the new ruling that the names of the privates as well as those of the officers falling in the Philippines, should be sent home by cable.

An English guest of world-wide experience pronounced the table-talk at Oyster Bay as brilliant as any he ever had heard. The variety of the President's topics, his grasp of subjects, his out-of-the-way

knowledge, and his marvellous memory reminded him of the conversation of Gladstone. A British army officer, with a long experience in India, declared, after his visit, that the President knew more than he about the history and the administration of the Indian government. An ambassador, lunching at Oyster Bay, made some remark about a buffalo head on the wall. This led his host to express his regret that we in this country should have exterminated the American bison in a dozen years, where Europe was a thousand years in killing off the auroch. Then he talked of the migration of the fauna of South America across the isthmus and of the fauna of Asia across Behring Strait, with the resultant intermingling of the species in North America.

"Where did you ever find time to get all that information?" the guest asked, in genuine amazement.

"Oh," the President replied, "I have a store of such useless information, all gained in odd minutes. For instance, while in hot water over some practical question, I like nothing better than to study some such remote subject as the dimensions of the empire of Alexander the Great."

The private, domestic side of Oyster Bay, however,

s by no means crowded out of the life of the President when he is there. On the contrary he has the versatility to carry on his public duties without interfering with the pleasures of his vacation. He chops trees, pitches hay, rides and walks, plays tennis, and romps with his children in a spirit free from the cares of office. He and Mrs. Roosevelt find time to keep up the best relations with their neighbors. The President's wife joins the sewing circle of her church, and, on one occasion when the women were working for the crippled children in a Brooklyn institution, she made half a dozen night-gowns for the little unfortunates. She visits the sick and the unhappy of the town, not with the condescension of a great lady, but as a sympathetic friend.

The President, here as everywhere, is a keen observer of nature. He and his boys eagerly welcome any of the field folk who venture to visit Sagamore Hill, always, of course, provided that they come with no evil design on the poultry. A mink was treated as a friend until some chicken feathers were found too near his lair. The entire place is a favorite resort for many kinds of birds. There are sharp-tailed finches in the marsh. there are wood-thrushes

which nest around the house; Baltimore orioles hang their nests in an elm near the porch; robins, cat-birds, valiant king-birds, song-sparrows, chippies, bright-colored thistle-finches, make their home near by; swallows build in the chimneys; humming-birds flit among the honeysuckles and trumpet-flowers; there are wrens in the shrubbery, and in the orchard there are woodpeckers, while thrushes and Maryland yellowthroats are in the hedges, brush sparrows and prairie-warblers in the cedars. Chickadees are everywhere and jays chatter in the tall timber. The cedar-birds prey upon the cherries with impunity, because, as the President says, they are "quiet and pretty and so well-bred." Moral suasion was used on a flicker who began to dig a hole in a corner of the house, but he would not desist, and his doom was reluctantly decreed. Most people do not like the screech-owl, but President Roosevelt is not among them. He contends, indeed, that it does not screech at all, and that he likes to hear its tremulous, quavering cry, as it sits on the elk antlers over the gable of Sagamore Hill.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

Prouder to be the father of six than the head of a nation. — His tribute to the athletic accomplishments of his elder daughter, for he likes little girls to be tomboys. — Himself a good deal of a boy, he is happiest to be a comrade in the ranks with his sons. — They play and read, tramp and ride together. — Swarms of strange pets at Oyster Bay, ranging from a badger to a zebra. — Kangaroo-rats and flying-squirrels in the boys' pockets and blouses. — Big names for little guinea-pigs. — Archie's Icelandic pony rides in the White House elevator. — The President and his boys camping out.

"WHAT we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now the chances are that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of man of whom America can really be proud. In life, as in a football game, the

principle to follow is to hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Boys admire President Roosevelt because he himself "is a good deal of a boy." Some men have claimed that Mr. Roosevelt never has matured; but this is saying no more than that he has not stopped growing, that he is not yet imprisoned in the crust of age. To him the world is still young and unfinished. He has a boy's fresh faith that the things that ought to be done can be done. His eyes are on the future rather than on the past.

Young America probably never drew so near to any other public man as to Theodore Roosevelt. All the boys in the land feel that there is a kindred spirit in the White House. Every one of them knows "Teddy" and the "Teddy bear" and the "Teddy hat." It is doubtful if the President ever was called "Teddy" when he was a boy. He used to be "Teedy" in the family circle and at Harvard he was "Ted," while among the intimates of his manhood he is "Theodore." He is "Teddy," however, to millions of boys who delight in their comradeship

THE LIBRARY AT SAGAMORE HILL

with the President which this nickname implies. It does not mean that they are lacking in respect for him; it simply means that they are not afraid of him, and that they feel they know him and he knows them.

"Is that where Teddy works?" the little fellow eagerly inquires, as his father points out the executive building beside the White House.

"Who is President of the United States?" a Syracuse teacher asks.

"Roosevelt," a little girl answers.

"By what title is the President known?"

"Teddy," is the prompt response.

Young America is drawn to the President through his delight in his own children. He is prouder to be the father of a family of six than to be the head of the nation. This is the domestic roster: —

Alice Lee (named for her mother, the first Mrs. Roosevelt), born in New York City, February 12, 1884; married Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, at the White House, February 17, 1906.

Theodore, Jr. (named for his father), born at Oyster Bay, September 13, 1887.

Kermit (this is the middle name of his mother), born at Oyster Bay, October 10, 1889.

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Ethel Carow (named for her mother's family), born at Oyster Bay, August 13, 1891.

Archibald Bulloch (named for a paternal ancestor, the first Governor of the State of Georgia), born in Washington, April 9, 1894.

Quentin (named for a maternal ancestor) born in Washington, November 19, 1897.

The chief ambition of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt has not been to rear a brilliant family, but to keep their children like other children, unspoiled by their father's distinction, and to bring them up simply and to fit them to be womanly women and manly men. They have all had the same nurse, but their mother trusts no one to tuck them in at night, and she herself attends to this duty even when there is a great reception or state dinner to be given.

The President wishes his daughters as well as his sons to be brave and hardy. "I must confess," he said, "that when girls are small I like them to be tomboys." Of his eldest child he once remarked: "Alice is a girl who does not stay in the house and sit in a rocking-chair. She can walk as far as I can. She can ride, drive, and shoot, although she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that; it

is not necessary for health, but outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of that."

Coming to womanhood while her father was President, Alice was obliged to pay the penalty of his fame. Her every step was published to the world and her name was made a favorite subject of gossip and rumor. It was a trying ordeal for a young woman, but it must be granted by all that she passed through this trial with a careless indifference, worthy of her father's spirit of courage and independence. The German Emperor selected her to christen his yacht, when it was launched in an American shipyard, and she complied with the imperial request simply and modestly. After the launching she sent this message by cable: —

"His Majesty, the Emperor,

"Berlin, Germany:

"The *Meteor* has been successfully launched. I congratulate you, and I thank you for your courtesy to me, and I send my best wishes.

"ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT."

Some guardians of royal etiquette in Europe seemed to be a little shocked by the lack of formality, by the directness of that greeting from an American girl

to an august sovereign. Doubtless the Kaiser liked this girlish frankness. He knows we have no court manners over here. Miss Roosevelt again became involved in court etiquette when she planned to attend the coronation of King Edward in London. The American ambassador had invited her to join him on that occasion and she was as ready as any other girl to see so grand a pageant. When, however, a debate arose as to whether the daughter of the President should be received as a princess, she and her father lost their patience, and the journey was abandoned in disgust.

Afterward, on a trip to the Philippine Islands with an official party, she was received without ostentation, but with a pleasing courtesy, at the courts of China and Japan. Rumor had busily linked her name with nearly every titled young diplomat in Washington, when she announced her engagement to an untitled American citizen, and in due time enrolled herself among the "White House brides."

With his four sons President Roosevelt is more like an elder brother than a father. He has no paternal airs for them. When he went out to the church school which Ethel attends near Washington,

he made a speech, in which he said, "Life in the family circle is usually shaped predominantly for good or evil by the mother, even more than by the father," and accordingly the President rather takes his place in the ranks as an equal comrade of his sons. They play and read, tramp and ride together. There are reports of furious pillow fights between them even in the White House. Ignoring his rightful dignity, they have been known to oblige him to get down on all fours and be a bear — a real, live "Teddy bear," with a table or a bush for his den.

The President is most likely to say "we" when speaking of his boys, and when he tells of the things he and they can do together, he is sometimes guilty of a boastful note. "When it comes to boxing or riding," he has been heard to say, "I think all of us can hold our own." He tries his best to keep up with them in all their amusements. Tales of the sea appeal to him as strongly as to them, and if he hears them praise a story they are reading, he is likely to take their advice and read it.

He is very fond of fairy tales. His mother's sister, Mrs. Gracie, told him in his childhood many

of the Uncle Remus stories, long before Joel Chandler Harris put them into literature. The minister from Holland found to his surprise and pleasure that the President knew the Dutch kinder-tales as well as he, and the ambassador from Italy was amazed when he recalled the story of a famous hero of Italian children, which the Ambassador himself had almost forgotten. When his children began to talk of Irish fairies, their father felt that his education had been neglected, for he did not know them. He was not too old to learn, however, and he made himself acquainted with the leprechaun and the rest of the fairy folk of the Emerald Isle, so that his youngsters should not be ahead of him.

As Santa Claus he used to be a high favorite, in the old Oyster Bay days, at least. Once when he had distributed the Christmas gifts among his own and the neighbors' children, he made a little speech in which he said to them: "I want you all as you grow up to have a good time. I do not think enough of a sour-faced child to spank him. And while you are having a good time, work, for you will have a good time while you work, if you work the right way. If the time ever comes for you to fight, fight as you

have worked, for it will be your duty. A coward, you know, is several degrees meaner than a liar. Be manly and gentle to those weaker than yourselves. Hold your own and at the same time do your duty to the weak, and you will come pretty near being noble men and women."

The President has taught his boys to shoot and box, to swim and row and ride. He has tried to teach them not to be afraid of anything. Their country place at Oyster Bay swarms with all kinds of strange pets. A little girl out in Kansas threw a live badger on the platform of the President's car, and he brought the queer thing home for his children. They had a lot of fun with him in spite of his habit of biting their bare legs. First and last they have had such playfellows as a lion, a hyena, a wild-cat, a coyote, two big parrots, five bears, an eagle, a barn owl, several snakes and lizards, a zebra which the Emperor of Abyssinia sent them, kangaroo-rats and flying squirrels, rabbits, and guinea-pigs.

Many of these animals and reptiles were thrust upon the family as gifts, and after a time were added to the public zoölogical collection in New York.

The kangaroo-rats and flying squirrels slept in the pockets and blouses of the children, whence they sometimes made unexpected appearances at the breakfast and dinner table or in school.

There are dogs without number, for dogs like the President. They bound out to welcome him, and he calls each by name and gives him a fond pat. Once when he was in a theatre box in Washington a dog strayed out on the stage, and, stretching himself, yawned loud and long. There was a roar of laughter from the audience, in which Mr. Roosevelt's voice was by no means lost. At any rate, the dog heard it, and turned to look at him. In another second he leaped from the stage into the box and settled himself in the President's lap. By this time the play and players were forgotten by the people as they watched the Presidential box, and the performance could not go on until the President had leaned over and set his four-footed friend upon the stage.

Mr. Roosevelt had a like experience with a dog while on a bear hunt in Colorado. A little black and tan in the hunting pack picked him as his favorite. Skip would run forty miles a day on the

chase, but liked best a front seat on the President's horse. At night he would sleep on the foot of his bed, and growl defiance at anybody and anything that came near. "I grew attached to the friendly, bright little fellow," the President has confessed, "and at the end of the hunt I took him home as a playmate for the children."

Some of Skip's new companions at Oyster Bay bore names far more imposing than his. There was a black bear, with an uncertain temper, whom the children had named Jonathan Edwards in honor of the famous divine, who was an ancestor of their mother. There were guinea-pigs who bore names in compliment to Bishop Doane of Albany, Father O'Grady, a neighboring priest, Dr. Johnson, Fighting Bob Evans, and Admiral Dewey. A distinguished man, who was calling on the President, did not understand this custom, and therefore was bewildered to hear one of the children rush in and breathlessly report, "Oh, oh, Father O'Grady has had some children!"

Perhaps the most honored representative of the animal kingdom at Oyster Bay is Algonquin, a little calico pony from far-away Iceland, which Secretary

Hitchcock gave to Archie. Skip, as well as Archie, delights to ride Algonquin. Nothing is too good for this Icelander, and, when a naval officer came to call in full-dress uniform, Archie was so impressed that he at once ran to get Algonquin that he too might enjoy the spectacle. The pageant was lost on him, however, and he would look at nothing except the nice green grass in the lawn, which he nibbled greedily.

But once when Archie was sick in the White House, Algonquin made up for all past neglect. The stable boys were sure that if the invalid could have a visit from the pony it would do him more good than medicine. They conspired together, secretly smuggled him into the basement and into the elevator, and thus carried him up to the sick-room, to the unbounded joy of the patient.

A red-letter day in the boy life at Oyster Bay is when the President goes picnicking. The Roosevelt boys and their cousins, who live near by, plan it all, and with the President they row off to some quiet cove, away from telephones and Secret Service men. There they catch their fish and build a fire. The President turns cook before an admiring circle of youths, who watch him with watering mouths while

he fries the fish or strips of beefsteak and thin slices of potatoes. "You ought to taste my father's steak," Archie boasts all the rest of the year. "He tumbles it all in together, potatoes, onions, and steak. I tell you it's fine." After supper the President tells them stories of big game out West, of mountain lions and grizzly bears, while the little fellows watch the shadows around them. One night they heard a fox barking in the woods, which thrilled them through and through, and they discussed the chance of seeing him in the morning. And sure enough they saw him running along the shore while they and the President were in for their early swim.

The eternal boy in the President can always hear the call of his boys. On a certain occasion several of the boys came into the library while he was talking with a man, and one of the cousins spoke up: "Uncle, it's after four." "So it is," the President replied, as he looked at the clock. "Why didn't you call me sooner? One of you get my rifle. I must ask you to excuse me," he said, as he turned to his caller. "We'll finish this talk later. I promised the boys I would go shooting with them at four o'clock, and I never keep them waiting. It's hard

for a boy to wait." In order to give his boys a chance for rifle practice he has provided a two-hundred-yard range at Oyster Bay.

At another time Quentin sought out his father in the gun room, where he had taken refuge for the purpose of finishing some writing. A negro gardener had seen a coon in the hickory grove, and the President must come with his rifle "right away." So off they went, Quentin clasping the butt of the rifle, until they came to the impudent invader in a big hollow chestnut tree. The President has the utmost tolerance for all kinds of wild guests, but this one was too near the chicken coop. A short while before, a possum had been spared in mistaken kindness and had done much harm to the poultry. The coon was doomed, and when the President and his son returned to the house, each carried a hind leg of the rascal.

For the boys the glory of the White House is a poor exchange for the free life at Oyster Bay. When the President told one of them, early in their experience at the mansion, not to walk through the flower beds because the gardener objected, the lad indignantly exclaimed, "I don't see what good it does you to be

President; there are so many things we can't do here." No doubt he had learned with disappointment that it was an idle dream which the old rhyme expressed: —

"If I were President of these United States,
I'd eat molasses candy and swing on the White House gates."

Still no one feels much like pitying Quentin, when he is seen romping about the south portico in blue overalls, just like any other boy. He can play police, too, with the real police who guard the grounds. He and Archie delight in lining up with the blue-coated squad at roll-call and saluting the sergeant gravely. When one of the policemen was removed for some cause, Archie became his champion. "You meet me when I come out of school to-morrow," he said to the man, "and we'll go see Senator Lodge about this." He knew enough of practical politics to know that it was well to have an influential senator on his side.

The boys go to the public schools, even if they are the President's sons. When one of them was asked how he got along with the "common boys" in school, he is said to have replied: "My father says there are

only tall boys and short boys, and bad boys and good boys, and that's all the kinds of boys there are."

When they are old enough, they go to Harvard, their father's college, and when Theodore, Jr., joined the most sought-for club, the President left the White House and made a special trip to Cambridge, in order to see him admitted. He himself had belonged to the Porcellian, and he took as much pride in seeing his son enter its sacred precincts as when he gained the coveted privilege twenty-five years before.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AS A SPORTSMAN

The Roosevelt doctrine as to sports. — Physical exercise a duty as well as a pastime. — The "square deal" in athletics. — The President on football and prize fighting. — His ideals as a hunter. — How he killed his first deer, and his remorse. — The chase, and not the slaughter, is the true object. — To live in the wilderness, to learn to endure and to gain self-reliance the greatest rewards. — Joys of hunting in the Yellowstone without a rifle. — Chasing the cougar, the wolf, and the bear. — A battle with a grizzly.

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor. No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew embraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living — the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock
Of a plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of a bear —
How good is man's life, the mere living . . ."

— A quotation from Robert Browning, in one of the Roosevelt hunting books.

ATHLETIC sports are among the many activities of his time which President Roosevelt represents. It cannot be said that they ever before had a representative in the White House. Most of his predecessors grew up in simple communities where the mere task of getting a living was a sufficient muscular

exercise. Mr. Roosevelt stands for the new conditions which have arisen in this country since he was born, and under which a large part of the population live in big cities, where they are employed in occupations that afford little or no opportunity for physical development.

From those conditions athletic sports have sprung as a necessity of life. They were unknown fifty years ago, and they have had most of their growth in the past twenty-five years. When Mr. Roosevelt went to college he found the intercollegiate games in their infancy.

To him sport is more than sport; it is a duty. "Always in our modern life, the life of a highly complex industrialism," he has said, "there is a tendency to softening of the fibre," and therefore "it is especially necessary to provide hard and rough play. Of course if such play is made a serious business, the result is very bad." Enthusiastic as he is in his love of all forms of athletics, he draws the line very sharply. "Here is Moody," he said to some Harvard men once, and referring to his Attorney-General, who is now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States: "Moody was a great athlete

at Harvard and played on the nine. But if he had been satisfied with that, do you suppose he would now be Attorney-General of the United States? No, indeed; nothing disgusts me more than to see the way many college athletes drop out of sight after leaving college."

Mr. Roosevelt is always a stanch defender of college athletics as a means of saving us from becoming a nation of "mollycoddles," but the evils of intercollegiate contests have no more earnest foe than he. In the midst of his Presidential duties, he has taken time to send for the coaches of some of the big university football teams and to confer with them for the improvement of the game. He carries the spirit of the "square deal" into all fields of sports. Although himself a devotee of boxing, he urged, as Governor, the repeal of the law under which prize-fights were held in New York. "Boxing," he said in his message, "is a fine sport," but "when any sport is carried on primarily for money — that is, as a business — it is in danger of losing much that is valuable, and of acquiring some exceedingly undesirable characteristics. In the case of prize-fighting, not only do all the objections which

apply to the abuse of other professional sports apply in aggravated form, but, in addition, the exhibition has a very demoralizing and brutalizing effect."

President Roosevelt's favorite pastime is hunting. He has devoured the literature of the chase in all lands and in all ages, and he has hunted nearly all the wild things of the United States, furred and feathered alike. No one, however, could have more contempt than he for any shooting that involves what he regards as a wanton destruction of life. He has expressed his impatience with "vegetarians of the flabby Hindoo type"; but he has oftener and even more hotly expressed his utter detestation of killing for the sake of killing, and for everything that he looks upon as unsportsmanlike.

Thus he has publicly recorded his remorse for getting his first deer, when a boy of seventeen, by "jacking" in the Adirondacks, that is to say, by luring the prey at night by the light of a fire in the stern of a boat. "It was my first deer," he has said, "and I was very glad to get it; but, although only a boy, I had sense enough to realize that it was not an experience worth repeating." Deer hunting on snow-shoes, where the deer cannot give a good

chase, he has denounced as "simple butchery." In his Wild West days he disliked to shoot antelope in winter, because "I felt the animals were then having a sufficiently hard struggle for existence anyhow."

It is his opinion that "no sportsman, if he has a healthy mind, will long take pleasure in any method of hunting, in which somebody else shows the skill and does the work, so that his share is only nominal. The minute sport is carried on on those terms it becomes a sham, and a sham is always detrimental to all who take part in it."

For shooting birds as they are let out of a trap he has never cared, and he is not in sympathy with the English style of hunting, which often involves the wholesale slaughter of game as it is driven directly before the guns by a swarm of hired attendants. The shooting, without the chase, would not appeal to him. "I feel that the chase of any animal," he has said, "has in it two chief elements of attraction. The first is the chance given to be in the wilderness. The second is the demand made by the particular kind of chase upon the qualities of manliness and hardihood."

Of a certain familiar variety of sportsmanship he has expressed himself in these terms: "It ought to be unnecessary to point out that the wilderness is not a place for those who are dependent upon luxuries, and above all for those who make a camping trip an excuse for debauchery. Neither the man who wants a French cook and champagne on a hunting trip, nor his equally objectionable, though less wealthy brother, who is chiefly concerned with filling and emptying a large whiskey jug, has any place whatever in the real life of the wilderness."

Rightly to understand the outdoor Roosevelt, to see him at play, and to appreciate the large influence which these things have had in the making of the man, physically and mentally, it must be known that his pastimes never have been mere time-killers. He has had no time to kill. He has never been an idler. Always a sport makes its highest appeal to him as a means to an end. He feels that to neglect his body would be like neglecting his morals or his mind. He seeks to keep his muscles hard, his nerves steady, his will strong.

"It is an excellent thing," so runs his creed, "for any man to be a good horseman and a good marks-

man, to be bold and hardy, and wonted to feats of strength, and to endure, to be able to live in the open, and to feel a self-reliant readiness in any crisis." To him the wilderness is a part of the school of life. "The qualities that make a good soldier," he once wrote, "are in big part the qualities that make a good hunter; most important of all is the ability to shift for one's self, the mixture of hardihood and resourcefulness, which enables a man to tramp all day in the right direction, and, when night comes, to make the best of whatever opportunities for shelter and warmth may be at hand." This usually cannot be done by a "man who lives a rather over-civilized, an over-luxurious life—especially in the great cities."

For days at a time, when he was a young ranchman, he would roam the wilds alone with his pony, and his pocket editions of the classics, and the simplest and scantiest provisions. He has slept on the prairie in his buffalo bag when the thermometer had fallen to sixty-five degrees below zero. One night when he was out, a blizzard overtook him, and obliged him to seek shelter. Coming upon a cowboy, who was also fleeing from the storm, the two found a deserted hut, in which they took refuge. As they

sat about the fire they had built, Mr. Roosevelt read "Hamlet" to his companion, who was an uncultivated son of the plains, but who was deeply interested in the tale. At the end of the reading he gave it as his enthusiastic opinion that "old Shakespeare savveyed human nature some." Mr. Roosevelt learned to take life everywhere as he found it. He can wash his clothes, and cook his meals, and in his Wild West days he went into frontier society. He attended the balls, and danced with the women, and opened one cowboy ball with the wife of a small stockman, dancing the lancers with her, opposite her husband, who not long before had killed a notorious bad man in self-defence.

There is at least one more very important point in the Roosevelt doctrine on the subject of hunting. All hunters should be nature lovers. Indeed, they should be naturalists, like himself, or they should at least know how to record what they see. "If possible," so reads this doctrine for the hunter, "he should be an adept with the camera; and hunting with the camera will tax his skill far more than hunting with the rifle, while the results in the long run give much greater satisfaction." He goes

further, and makes this confession: "As we grow older, I think most of us become less keen about that part of the hunt which consists in the killing. I know that as far as I am concerned I have long gone past the stage when the chief end of a hunting trip is the bag. One or two bucks, or enough grouse and trout to keep the camp supplied, will furnish all the sport necessary to give zest and point to a trip in the wilderness."

One of the most enjoyable hunts which he has had while President was without a rifle. He and John Burroughs, the venerable nature writer, "Oom John," as the President affectionately calls him, went to the Yellowstone Park. The national government owns the park, and no one, not even the President of the United States, is allowed to carry firearms within its limits. This general disarmament, this peace between the various branches of the animal kingdom, has become known to the birds and beasts, and they swarm the great place in security. The President saw one hundred antelope grazing in the streets of a village. Deer as tame as cows came in droves to feed on the parade ground of the army post, in spite of the momentary shock they received

at gun-fire morning and evening. As many as three thousand head of elk were in sight at once. Grizzly bears, buffaloes, coyotes, and mountain lions, and all the birds of the northern wilderness, greeted the President, with no fear of the "big stick." One morning he rushed out of his tent, when called, to watch a band of mountain sheep, away up by the snow-line, come calmly down an almost perpendicular precipice, which it did not seem possible for them to tread.

He delighted to show Mr. Burroughs the wild things of the Rockies, which he has known from early manhood, but which the elder man had never seen. He showed him the Sprague's lark, or the Missouri skylark, singing as it took its zenith early in the morning. They hearkened to the distant call of the sand-hill crane, and he tried to convince his guest that there was beauty in the far-off call of the bull elk, which, near at hand, is only a bellow, but which, the President declared, when heard across a valley, brought pleasure to his ear. They agreed at the outset in admiring the beauty of the song of the hermit thrush.

The President's headquarters were fourteen miles

from his secretary, who at that distance stood guard against the world and the cares of power, while the two nature lovers might say with the banished duke in the forest of Arden: —

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

After leaving the Yellowstone, the President visited that other noble park, the Yosemite, and there he slept out in a snow-storm, with not even a tent above him. On his return he stopped in Wyoming and took a seventy-five-mile ride on horseback. He was eight hours in the saddle, and the people at Cheyenne said he arrived there looking fresh enough to go on for another eight hours.

In the interval of two months between his Governorship and his Vice-Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt went cougar hunting in Colorado for four weeks. It was in the very depth of winter, and all the world was buried under ice and snow. He, however, was comfortable in his buckskin shirt and hunting jacket lined with sheepskin, and his cap drawn down over his ears. He was forty miles from the railroad, and

all around in the gloomy gorges or upon the cliffs were elk, blacktail deer, cougar, and mountain sheep. His "veins thrilled and beat with buoyant life." To him, even the baying of the wolves at night was "rather attractive." They would come down close to the ranch, where he was staying, and howl by the hour, and he would go out in the darkness, with the thermometer standing at twenty below, and for half an hour at a time listen, entranced, to the wild music of the beasts.

One night he entered on a chase by moonlight. He could not see the sights of his rifle. When the steeps were too much for the footing of his horse, he continued the pursuit unmounted, until he had followed the cougar along a cliff fully a hundred feet high. Finally he made his conquest only by hanging over the precipice while a guide held him by the legs.

The President had a month of hunting in the spring of 1905. He first went to Oklahoma, where he joined in wolf coursing over the rolling prairies. It was in the land of prairie-dog villages, where that queer little brute carries on coöperative housekeeping with rattlesnakes and burrowing owls.

From Stereograph, Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON A BEAR HUNT

The President and his companions would gallop across the countless holes of one of those strange communities, but their sure-footed ponies seldom stumbled. At noon the party would gather about the "chuck wagon," the lunch-cart of the plains, which followed them, and the President, in describing the pleasures of the vacation, exclaimed, "Where does a man take more frank enjoyment in his dinner than at the tail end of a chuck wagon!"

As they rode back to civilization and the railroad on the last day of the hunt, some one proposed that they stir up the town which they were approaching, by making a regular cowboy rush upon it. So, when they were about a mile outside, the President and all of them broke into a lope, and by the time the main street was reached their horses were on a wild run. Thus they tore through the place and bore down upon the railroad station like a whirlwind.

In the same spring the President enjoyed a bear hunt in Colorado. There he revelled in the freedom of tent life, amid the leafless aspens and great spruces, beside the rushing, ice-rimmed brook. Early to breakfast was the rule, and then off for the hunt,

which sometimes lasted ten and twelve hours without a mouthful of food. The horses struggled through the snow up to their saddle girths. Ranchmen came from miles around to "see the President kill a bear." The pack of hounds, with their marked individualities, interested him not a little. But even the most intelligent among them would persist in chasing porcupines, and then "we had to spend many minutes in removing the quills from their mouths and eyes." A white bull terrier would come in "looking like a glorified pin-cushion."

All the life of the wilds appealed to the spirit of the naturalist in the President, and a catalogue of the creatures that did not escape his observation would include tiny four-striped chipmunks, white-footed mice, a bushy-tailed pack rat, snowshoe-rabbits, woodchucks, rock squirrels, eagles, ravens, sand-hill cranes, blue jays, magpies, nutcrackers, whiskey-jacks, blue crows, hawks, flickers, robins, bluebirds, chickadees, kinglets, towhees, willow thrushes, meadow-larks, finches, blackbirds, and owls. One night as he sat at the head of the supper table he said, "I heard a Bullock's oriole to-day."

"You must have been mistaken, Mr. President,"

one of his companions, with a long experience in that country, said; "they don't come for two weeks yet."

The President felt sure he was right, but bided his time till he could gain some evidence in his support. "Look! Look!" he cried in triumph the next day, as he pointed to the bird perched on a near-by shrub. Nothing in the course of his trip pleased him more than this vindication.

On Sunday the President and his party rode several miles to a little blue schoolhouse, whither a minister came some twenty miles or more to minister to the ranchmen and their families. The presence of so distinguished a communicant drew a congregation too large for the schoolroom, and the services, therefore, were held outdoors.

Only so much has been told in this chapter as would suffice to show the character of President Roosevelt's sportsmanship. From his boyhood wanderings in the groves of Long Island and in the woods of Maine to his latest hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains, his steady purpose has been to build up his body and to train his mind, to gain the self-reliance of the primitive man. How well

and how early he succeeded in this ambition was shown by an experience of many years ago. He was hunting with an old mountain guide in a strange and remote part of Idaho. The guide was so rheumatic and crabbed that he was a most trying companion. Finally, when he got to drinking to excess, the young man would put up with him no longer.

He took his horse, his sleeping-bag, a frying-pan, some salt, flour, and baking-powder, a chunk of salt pork, his washing-kit, a hatchet and his wardrobe, which consisted of a few pairs of socks and some handkerchiefs, and boldly struck out for himself. He had now only his compass for a guide through a region unknown to him. There was virtually no trail. When night came he would throw down his sleeping-bag on a mat of pine needles beside a crystal brook, drag up a few dry logs, and then go off with his rifle to get a bird for his supper. Once, while on this long and lonely journey homeward, he encountered in the fading light of day a big grizzly bear. In the combat that followed, the savage beast charged straight at him, roaring furiously, as it crashed and bounded through

the bushes, its mighty paw barely missing him. The intrepid rifleman won the battle, and the next morning, after his regular plunge in the icy waters of a mountain torrent, he laboriously removed the beautiful coat of his fallen foe, and to this day it is a cherished trophy at Oyster Bay.

CHAPTER XXIX

A WORLD FIGURE

Tributes to Roosevelt, the peacemaker, from the princes and peoples of the world. — The press of Europe filled with praise of the American President as the foremost man of the day. — Foreign nations send their best diplomats to Washington. — The Roosevelt way of dispelling the one war cloud of his administration. — March 14, 1907, novel method of making peace between Japan and California. — His efforts to pacify Cuba. — The olive branch as well as the big stick for South America. — Securing the neutrality of China. — Settling the Alaskan boundary dispute. — Starting the movement for the second conference of the nations at The Hague. — The Nobel peace prize of 1906 for President Roosevelt and his characteristic use of the money.

We are too near the man and his work to pronounce a clear judgment on Theodore Roosevelt. In some eyes his virtues may be magnified, in others his faults. Distance is required to give the true proportions. I have tried to represent only the man of action here, the man as the vast majority of his countrymen see him; to tell how and not why he "does things." In this closing chapter I shall merely offer some foreign views of

him, showing how he looks in the longer perspective of various observers across the sea.

No other President ever had such world-wide celebrity among his contemporaries as President Roosevelt commanded at the time of the Russo-Japanese peace. He was everywhere acclaimed the foremost figure of his day. All mankind acknowledged its indebtedness to him. The head of nearly every civilized state hastened to congratulate him by cable.

"Accept my congratulations and warmest thanks," the Czar said in his message, "for having brought the peace negotiations to a successful conclusion, owing to your personal, energetic efforts. My country will gratefully recognize the great part you have played in the Portsmouth peace conference." The Mikado assured the President that "to your disinterested and unremitting efforts in the interests of peace and humanity I attach the high value which is their due." From King Edward came this cordial message: "Let me be one of the first to congratulate you on the successful issue of the peace conference, to which you have so greatly contributed." Emperor William wired: "I am overjoyed and

express most sincere congratulations at the great success due to your untiring efforts. The whole of mankind must unite, and will do so, in thanking you for the great boon you have given it." President Loubet of France sent the assurance that "your Excellency has just rendered to humanity an eminent service." The press of Europe agreed in declaring that no other man could have brought about the happy result.

The achievement which the treaty of Portsmouth represented was not needed, however, to introduce President Roosevelt to the favorable attention of Europe. Although an intense American, he seemed to the European mind much like their own statesmen. A man of family and wealth, the graduate of a famous university, a writer and a sportsman, he appealed to the old world imagination. "Take Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Rhodes, Lord Charles Beresford, and John Burns," said the English *Review of Reviews*, "boil them down until you get the residuum essence into an American Dutchman, and you have something like the new President of the United States."

The President's portrait soon became as familiar

on the other side of the ocean as that of any reigning monarch, and the caricaturists spread among all the nations the fame of those teeth which once struck terror to the New York police. Meanwhile some of his books were translated into foreign languages, and the people of Europe thus came at last to study an American whose ideals are above the almighty dollar.

An English writer after a visit to several capitals recorded that, where one man in Berlin talked of anything else, ten chose to talk of Roosevelt. At Rome his host, a distinguished member of the Chamber of Deputies, and former cabinet minister, refused to talk of any one but Roosevelt. Another English writer said: "No American President of my time has succeeded in so strongly impressing the imagination of Europe. He belongs by birth, education, and tastes to the type that Englishmen like most to represent them. Mr. Roosevelt does precisely the things Englishmen would like their leaders to do. Every bear he has shot would be worth five hundred votes to him in England."

From the *Deutsche Tages Zeitung* of Berlin, printed in the shadow of Emperor William himself, came this high estimate: "The American President is

by far the most interesting personage in all the world of the present day." The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan said: "A memory of Græco-Roman times clings to this singular man." In Madrid, the *Epoca* remarked of this one-time foe in arms: "You can put your finger on Theodore Roosevelt every time." To the *Petit Parisien* he was "one of the most remarkable men of the age." The great thunderer of British journalism, the London *Times*, observed in 1904: "Since he has been President not a rash nor provocative word has fallen from his lips." As early as 1902 the London *Spectator* was pronouncing judgment in these terms: "At this moment President Roosevelt is probably the most interesting political figure in the world."

Distinguished European visitors to America have looked upon the White House, with Mr. Roosevelt in it, as one of the chief points of interest. Mr. John Morley, the British statesman and man of letters, on his return to London reported: "I saw two tremendous forces of nature while I was gone. One was Niagara Falls, and the other the President of the United States, and I am not sure which is the more wonderful."

One of the first to appreciate the influence which President Roosevelt was to exert, was the German Emperor, to whom he is so often likened. William contrived to despatch his brother, Prince Henry, on a special embassy to this country, in an early stage of the new administration, and paid the President's daughter the compliment of asking her to christen a yacht which he had ordered to be built in the United States. The Emperor has followed up these attentions with some added proof of his interest on every occasion.

In emulation of Prince Henry's visit, the French sent a distinguished embassy a few months later. All the leading governments suddenly dropped their old habits of neglect toward Washington, and have studied to select for their ambassadors at that post the strongest available men.

Washington, however, has been no storm centre of diplomacy under President Roosevelt. Not a cloud cast its shadow on the foreign relations of the United States for five years after he came into power. Then an anti-Japanese crusade in California took the form of excluding a few Japanese pupils from the white schools of San Francisco.

The pride of Japan was sorely touched, and the government at Tokio insisted to the government at Washington that this insulting discrimination should cease. It is not in the power of the government of the United States, however, to interfere with the schools of any state, and there seemed to be no way to appease the rising wrath of Japan. The situation was recognized as a grave one by the diplomats of the world, and rumors of war were heard.

The President simply ignored the difficulties that confronted him, and, with a clear eye, sought a way out of the trouble. He knew that the Californians did not really care if a handful of Japanese pupils attended school with the white children, and that the important thing to them was to have the Japanese laborers stopped from coming into their state by the thousands. Moreover, he knew that Japan needed all the labor she could get for the development of her interests in the Orient, and would rather not have her working people come to the United States.

Acting upon these two facts of the situation, and disregarding all the loose talk surrounding them, the President arranged with the Mikado's govern-

ment for checking the immigration, provided those few dozen little Japs in San Francisco were permitted to return to the white schools. Then he sent for the mayor and school committee of that city. It was an unheard-of thing for the President of the United States to deal directly with mere municipal officials, and many prophets predicted that he would get only a snubbing from them. They were not under his authority, and officially were as independent of him as they were of the Mikado.

In due time, however, they arrived, and the President held long conferences with them at the White House. Little by little the outlook cleared. The mayor was flooded with telegrams to stand firm. But he had seen a new light. He had found the President in sympathy with the people of California in their dread of a great influx of Orientals, and the mayor knew that the case should be left in Mr. Roosevelt's care. He and his committee agreed to withdraw the rule against the Japanese pupils. There was more or less loud talk of "surrender," but the people of the coast generally were willing to leave their interests with the President.

This disposition was strikingly shown a few days

later, when the President made bold to address a telegram to the Governor of California, asking him to secure the suspension of some proposed legislation in hostility to the Japanese. It was an unprecedented interference by a President with the affairs of a state. Nevertheless, when President Roosevelt's frank and direct appeal was read to the Legislature, one of the leaders on the floor rose and expressed the general confidence in the President when he said: "We can trust our interests in the hands of President Roosevelt." He thereupon moved that no action whatever be taken on the Japanese question, and accordingly the entire subject was promptly dropped without a word of protest. The incident marked a new departure in our country toward a friendly coöperation between state and nation. The President's unexpected success in this instance with both Japan and California, moreover, can be credited only to the remarkable confidence in his fairness which he has established at home and abroad.

Cuba is another field where President Roosevelt's pacific policies have been applied. When he had been President six months he set the Cuban Republic upon its feet and kept, before a sceptical world, the

pledge which the United States had given at the time of the Spanish war, by leaving the island to its people. By wise counsels he aided the new government from time to time. Finally, when it was beset by armed revolutionists, and it appealed to him to intervene, he patiently tried to restore peace in the island. He sent two representatives to Havana in the effort to persuade the Cubans to get together and save their republic. It was only after every peaceful endeavor had failed that he would consent to hoist the American flag and again assume control of the island.

Toward all the neighboring republics of the new world in general he has borne himself as a kindly neighbor. He sent his able Secretary of State, Elihu Root, on a long official tour of South America, a courtesy more marked than any we had ever shown the countries of that continent. On occasion, it is true, President Roosevelt has let them see his "big stick," but no President has given them a better assurance of the honest good-will of the great republic of the North.

Everywhere he has stood for "the peace of justice." The neutrality of China in the war between

Russia and Japan was secured by a note which the President addressed to the powers. He led the way to the peaceful settlement of the troublesome Alaskan boundary dispute, and it was he who started the movement for the second conference of the nations at The Hague.

By unanimous assent the Nobel prize came to him in 1906, as a recognition of his services to the cause of peace, and it was characteristic of him to employ the money as the foundation for a permanent fund to be devoted to the promotion of "a righteous industrial peace" between labor and capital. Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, the eminent French advocate of arbitration, only voiced a universal sentiment when he paid this tribute to President Roosevelt: "He is the true statesman of the twentieth century and, as such, deserves well of his country and of all parts of the globe."

THE SUCCEEDING CHAPTERS HAVE BEEN ADDED SINCE THE DEATH OF THE SUBJECT AND THUS COMPLETE THE BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER XXX

FROM WHITE HOUSE TO JUNGLE

Roosevelt started the battleship fleet on its cruise around the world, Dec. 16, 1907. — Opened a conference on conservation, May 13, 1908. — Sailed for Africa, March 23, 1909. — Returned to civilization at Khartoum, March 14, 1910. — His triumphal progress across Europe. — Landed in New York, June 18, 1910. — His "Ananias Club." — Crushed an old calumny in a libel suit, June, 1913. — Sailed for South America, Oct. 4, 1913.—Returned, health impaired, May 18, 1914.

THE constructive record of Roosevelt's administration, the first really constructive administration in half a century, virtually was completed with the crowded and fruitful legislative session of 1906–1907. A memorable incident of the two remaining years of his Presidency was his despatch of a great fleet of battleships around the world.

It has been surmised that his real object in sending the expedition was to give a timely warning to jingoes in Japan who seemed to be spoiling for a fight with the United States. It was said, indeed, that he sent it on a hint from sober Japanese themselves, who felt it would be well if the thoughtless

and ignorant among them should see the striking power of the unmilitary nation they were contemptuously challenging.

A measure of vast and lasting importance belongs to the same period of the administration. From the beginning Roosevelt had been more vigilant than any of his predecessors in protecting the great forests and waterways of the West from destruction and from exploitation by selfish interests. In the course of his term of power more timberland was saved for the general use than in all preceding administrations together.

To arouse the country to carry on and enlarge the conservation of our natural resources he started a campaign of education. This was inaugurated dramatically when he assembled, in the East Room of the White House in May, 1908, the governors of the states and the presidents of various organizations interested in conserving and rightly developing for the benefit of all, the rich bounties of nature with which our land has been blessed beyond any other. Thus the nation is indebted to this naturalist and hunter in the Presidency for a great and growing empire, which we are annexing from

the arid desert and conquering from the desolating greed of ruthless exploiters.

The closing years of Roosevelt's stay in the White House were the stormiest. The great power of the Presidency and the leadership of a tumultuous democracy impose a heavy strain on the temper. Roosevelt held his naturally high temper under admirable restraint at first. But he was not one to bear meekly the violent enmities that assailed him when powerful financial interests found themselves beaten and dethroned at Washington. It was in the course of this running fight that a Washington correspondent invented the celebrated "Ananias Club" for "malefactors of great wealth" and other types of "undesirable citizens," whom Roosevelt in the later years of his administration was quick to decorate with a "short and ugly word."

In politics nothing else hath a fury like privilege scorned. The element that until then had given orders to Presidents, but taken none, christened a financial collapse in 1907 the "Roosevelt panic," and the whispered word was passed around that the country was in the hands of a mad man who

eventually might have to be removed from the White House to a padded cell.

When that predicted misfortune did not eventuate, another story was invented that this most abstemious man was a drunkard. For years the scandal grew and spread, being confirmed to the credulous by the very manners of a man who was intoxicated only with the exuberance of his high spirits. "Look at him now!" his accusers needed but to say, as they pointed to him bounding about on the rear platform of a railway car or dancing on a table while he spoke.

The tale thrived in the campaign of 1912, when his opponents readily were disposed to believe the worst of the man whom they held responsible for smashing the Republican party. Every President who has crossed the path of proud and jealous interests has had to suffer from the same bombardment of poison gas, but has felt himself defenceless and borne it in silence. Roosevelt struck back. After waiting until the slander emerged from its dugout and ventured into the open where he could get its range, he trained upon it a fire that silenced it forever.

A little newspaper in Michigan made itself at last the responsible medium for disseminating the gossip about his inebriety. He sued it for libel and went out to the trial, accompanied by a carload of remarkable and competent witnesses as to his habits. At the sight of that array the offending editor surrendered and the calumny straightway ceased to circulate anywhere.

Notwithstanding the host of enemies his policies raised up against him, Roosevelt remained to the end of his service in the White House the most popular of our chief magistrates. He is the only President since Jackson, at least, who has had any chance whatever to have three successive terms, and since Jackson he is the only one who has been permitted to nominate his successor.

When, on March 4, 1909, he delivered the office to President Taft, his legatee and friend, and walked over to the Union Station to step aboard a waiting train for New York, he was yet only fifty. Still in the full vigor of an apparently rugged manhood, he had no thought, like so many ex-Presidents, of wearily laying himself away on the shelf,

or becoming, like Jefferson in the seclusion of Monticello, a political sage.

On the contrary, he was eager to plunge into the wilds of Africa in the hardiest venture of his life. The trip was no sportsman's holiday, but the serious scientific expedition of a naturalist. It was in charge of the Smithsonian Institution, and the object of the party, which included the ex-President's son, Kermit, was to make a needed collection of specimens for the National Museum.

In less than three weeks after he left the White House, Roosevelt embarked for East Africa, followed on his voyage by the enthusiastic good wishes of a fondly admiring people, who ruefully wondered how they could get along without the spice that he had been contributing to the daily life of the country. He was followed also by the unrelenting bitterness that he had aroused and it was probably said with truth that "Wall Street hoped every lion would do its duty."

In a kindlier spirit, others warned the departing ex-President in vain against the perils and hardships that he was hazarding. One among those solicitous persons, a noted professor of anthropology

with a long African experience, insisted that no man of fifty could hope to make such an expedition into Africa and come out alive, and he confidently predicted that Roosevelt would fall a victim to the "sleeping sickness," or some one of the many strange fevers that lurk in the jungle.

Careless alike of ill-wishes and ill-bodings, Roosevelt sailed away to Mombasa, on the coast of British East Africa. Thence he entered nature's most wonderful menagerie, where for the better part of a year he studied and hunted, in their native habitat, the zebra, the leopard, the gazelle, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the giraffe, the lion, the hyena, and the hippopotamus, which he had known till then only in the captivity of the zoölogical park or of the travelling circus.

As a naturalist at home or abroad Roosevelt always was given to an extreme modesty and moderation and to a scientific exactitude, which did not encumber him on the stump or in the conflicts of political life. He was ever inclined to take with a large grain of salt hunters' boasts of bravery and their moving tales of hairbreadth escapes. Himself telling no tall tales of the wild things

which it was his lifelong habit to observe, he coined for those whom he accused of this offence the name of "nature fakers."

His report of his African experiences is severely simple and impersonal withal. Only glimpses are caught of the self-effacing writer waving out of his way with his hat the wild animals which roar or glare at us so fiercely from their cages in the menagerie tent, or of his coolly holding his fire until an excited beast is only forty yards away — or no farther than the width of some of our streets. Yet he insists that it is not at all a dangerous practice, which apparently he regarded as lightly as an encounter with a furiously hostile Senator across a White House table.

The spoils of that Roosevelt campaign form in the National Museum at Washington the strangest memorial of any President at the capital. When, if ever, his name shall cease to live in political anecdote and legend, it will still shine forth on the metal tablets of those exhibition cases, recalling to curious visitors the nimrod of the Presidential line, the mighty hunter whom the African natives called Bwano Tumbo.

After eleven months of field work with hardly a day of rest, in the course of which Roosevelt crossed Lake Victoria Nyanza and passed through Uganda to Lake Albert Nyanza, he embarked on the White Nile, which he descended to Khartoum. At that outpost of civilization he was met by Mrs. Roosevelt and their daughter, Ethel, and together they continued down to Egypt.

The homeward journey across Europe, where for ten years he had been as much in the public eye of the Old World as any European ruler or leader, was almost a triumphal progress such as few private persons ever have had. Royalty, cabinets, and peoples in Rome and Paris, Berlin and Vienna, Brussels, Amsterdam and Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, and London greeted the statesman; scientific societies welcomed the naturalist and traveller; the foremost universities honored the scholar.

In London Roosevelt represented the United States at the funeral of King Edward. At Berlin he met the man to whom he had been so often likened, and, as usual with supposed doubles when they come face to face, it seems that each was some-

what disappointed in the other. The Kaiser lunched the visitor, listened to him at the university and, assembling 12,000 troops, held a review for "mein freund Roosevelt," as he hailed him. But court and embassy gossip reported that William II. felt that the American had not been sufficiently flattering in his attentiveness to the All Highest. The guest discreetly kept to himself the impression which his host had made upon him. But when the war came, his condemnation of the German Emperor was expressed in terms which apparently were unrestrained by any personal liking for the man beneath the crown.

The European receptions were marred by an untoward episode at Rome. When Roosevelt sent on ahead a request for an audience with Pope Pius X, Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, replied with a conditional invitation. This stipulated that the distinguished applicant should not make his reception by the Holy Father impossible, as Fairbanks, the former Vice-President, lately had done by visiting also a body of Methodists in the city. Roosevelt replied that, while he did not question the propriety of the condition, he

could not accept such a limitation on his freedom of action.

With that abrupt closing of an unhappy incident, he hastened to cable home an appeal against any rancorous discussion of it in America. With a sincerity which his whole public life attested, he declared that "the respect and regard of those of my fellow Americans who are Catholics are as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants."

After an absence of fifteen months, the voyager landed in New York to receive a greeting that is memorable among the popular demonstrations of the metropolis. Great crowds afloat and ashore welcomed him home in a whirlwind of enthusiasm that kept the city in a continuous uproar for six hours.

After the long and exhausting political struggles of 1910, 1911, and 1912, an expedition still more arduous than the African was made by Roosevelt in 1913. And at fifty-five he was less fitted for the exertions and hardships that he endured in the Dark Continent.

Having accepted invitations to deliver addresses

in South America, which would require him to go to Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile, the orator was tempted by the curiosity of the naturalist to make a study of the birds and animals and vegetation of the tropics. By that change in plans, a little trip of six weeks was expanded into a stay of nearly eight months in the Southern Continent.

The party, in which again Kermit was associated with his father, ascended the Paraguay River, went through the Brazilian wilderness, and discovered, mapped and descended an unknown affluent of the Amazon. In recognition of the explorer of the stream, that River of Doubt has been christened by Brazil the Rio Teodoro.

The adventure proved arduous and perilous beyond the limits of Roosevelt's strength, which was sapped by blood poisoning and fever, and he never regained his normal health and vigor. A member of the little party declared it to have been his most trying expedition in thirty years of tropical experience.

At one stage, not another human being was seen by the travellers in four weeks. Most of their canoes were lost in rapids and cataracts and they

were obliged to abandon everything except the barest necessities in food and clothing. It was reported that for a month they lived on ship's biscuits, each man being placed on a ration of four a day.

Although on the ocean voyage home the ex-President made quick gains in health, the change in him was plain to his friends on the dock at New York as he came ashore with the aid of a cane. He was no longer and was never again to be the old Roosevelt, the robust embodiment of that strenuous life which for a generation he had practised as well as preached.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE BULL MOOSE AND THE LAST YEARS

A revolution and a counter revolution in the Republican party. — How the party split while Roosevelt was in Africa. — His efforts to save it from defeat in 1910–1911. — His bitter feud with Taft. — His "hat in the ring," February, 1912. — Triumph of the Old Guard at Chicago in June. — Roosevelt nominated by Progressive party in August. — Shot at Milwaukee, Oct. 14. — His remarkable run at the polls. — How the new party went to pieces. — Roosevelt and the Republican nomination in 1916. — His support of Hughes in the campaign. — His position in the war. — Application for military service declined in June, 1917. — Death of Quentin Roosevelt, July 14, 1918. — Illness and death of Theodore Roosevelt, January 6, 1919, aged 60 years 2 months and 10 days.

With his advent in the White House in 1901 and with the passing of the régime of McKinley and Hanna, Roosevelt revolutionized Republican policies, but without revolutionizing the party organization. This he left very much as he found it in Congress and in the various states, although with a masterful hand he turned it around and compelled it to take a new direction.

A President with less energy and with less self-reliance would have insisted upon substituting new

men of his own choosing and sworn to easy obedience. Roosevelt seemed to take a sportsman's enjoyment in riding, spurring, and subduing to his purpose a bucking House and Senate and refractory bosses. Apparently he did not care who were the forelegs and hindlegs of the party as long as he could stay in the saddle and make it obey the bit.

Virtually all the progressive measures of his administration were forced through Congress with the assistance of leaders and committee chairmen who opposed them at first and who had to be driven to their support. Finally, he thrust upon the party a successor whom its leaders did not want. And they accepted his nominee only in preference to the dread alternative which, with grim humor, he presented to them: "If you don't take Taft, you will have to take me!" Every one knew that the President himself could have the nomination for the asking or by his mere silent acquiescence in the impulse of the rank and file to give him a second election, though it might in a technical sense violate the unwritten law against a third term.

The Old Guard surrendered but it did not die. It might be compelled to nominate and elect Taft,

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but it could not be compelled to follow him once Roosevelt was out of the way.

Roosevelt's train had no sooner pulled out of Washington on March 4, 1909, than the elements which he had so long ruled, with the big stick of his popular prestige, rose up and straightaway started to turn the Republican party back in the direction it had been going when his strong hand first seized the bridle reins. His revolution in the party was quickly overthrown by a counter revolution.

Contrary to the superficial view, Roosevelt did not betray the Republican party to its overwhelming defeat when he abandoned it in 1912. It was in fact betrayed to that disaster when it abandoned his leadership in 1909. It really was undone while he was yet in the African jungle, by the quarrel between standpatters and insurgents, between triumphant Cannonism and Aldrichism on the one hand and progressivism on the other.

Persons with short memories quickly forgot how hard Roosevelt fought on his return in 1910, to save the party from the consequences of its departure from the course which his administration

had charted. Although openly estranged from Taft and disappointed with the general administrative and legislative record which had been made in his absence, he took the stump and traversed the country in a vain effort to roll back the tidal wave of popular dissatisfaction. The Republicans were engulfed in their strongholds and their majority of 47 in the House was turned into a Democratic majority of 60.

Roosevelt continued through 1911 to resist the ever rising wave. The doom of the Republicans in the approaching Presidential election already was sealed, long before a group of governors, in January, 1912, joined in an appeal for him to resume the leadership in a last attempt to rescue the party from impending defeat. Even he would stand only a sporting chance of winning, and he responded in sporting terms: "My hat is in the ring."

There followed a bitter, vituperative contest for the Republican nomination between the ex-President and the President. The "dear Theodore" of a few years before fairly let his passions run away with him as he hotly denounced his "dear

Will" for the crime of having been a novice in the political game and of having let the crafty Old Guard get the upper hand.

The issue between the two candidates was submitted to popular primaries in eleven of the Republican states and Roosevelt triumphed by enormous majorities. From that adverse verdict, Taft could be saved only by the delegations from machine-controlled states in the North and from patronage-controlled states in the solid South. When even these failed to assure his nomination, the Old Guard, which dominated the National Committee, did not scruple to eke out a majority by unseating Roosevelt delegates on merely technical grounds.

Regardless of all precedents, Roosevelt hastened to the scene of the convention at Chicago. Becoming his own commander in the field, he marshalled in person the bands of zealous supporters who made the city resound with their chant: "We want Teddy!" "We want Teddy!" "We want Teddy!" But the "steam roller" of the Old Guard overrode him and the popular enthusiasm behind him. When, at last, the balloting came, he indignantly

called upon his followers to make a silent protest and refuse to cast their votes.

The disruption of the Republican party was now complete. The insurgent faction faced the choice of abandoning the election at the outset to the united Democrats or of placing a third ticket in the field. The latter course was chosen and another National convention was called at Chicago to organize the Progressive party. When Roosevelt, in the midst of his losing fight for the Republican nomination, assured the Chicago reporters that he felt "as strong as a bull moose," the naturalist in politics unconsciously supplied a fitting symbol ready made for his new party.

The Progressive party sprang full grown from its first National convention at Chicago in August, 1912. Practical politicians, in despair of electing their state or local tickets under the old party name, rushed over to the new party. Reformers and idealists, who had been strangers to politics, eagerly welcomed it as an open door to a political millennium. Drawn by the magic of Roosevelt's name, millionnaires and cow-boys found themselves shoulder to shoulder in his camp.

No such variegated aggregation had been seen since the Rough Riders were mustered out. This political and social medley sometimes amused, sometimes alarmed its central figure, with what he called its "lunatic fringe."

"Social Justice" was the watchword of a wildly enthusiastic convention. Men and women thrilled and sang with the spirit of crusaders, marching to a National regeneration. In tune with the emotion which swayed the gathering, Roosevelt declared in his speech of acceptance: "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord."

As the extraordinary campaign approached its climax, Roosevelt was shot by a crazy man at Milwaukee in October. Thrusting his hand under his waistcoat and withdrawing it, he saw his fingers covered with blood from a wound in the chest. "He pinked me," he admitted to the excited and anxious bystanders gathered around his automobile. But declaring that he was not seriously wounded, he insisted on following his speaking schedule for the evening.

"I will deliver that speech or die, one or the other," he persisted against the protests of phy-

sicians and friends. And with the bullet hole still undressed and bleeding, he kept the engagement.

Only after he had addressed the meeting did he surrender to the doctors. His stumping tour had been brought to an abrupt end, although in the closing days of the campaign he delivered a speech at Oyster Bay and another at Madison Square Garden.

In the election the new party swept past the old and made the best showing ever recorded by any party at its first appearance at the polls. With a total of 4,119,507 votes to their credit the Progressives wrested the second place from the Republicans, who polled only 3,484,956 votes. Roosevelt carried six states to Taft's two, and he led the latter in two-thirds of the Union.

The life of the new party was as short as it was brilliant. It had elected only a few men to either house of Congress, where the Republicans necessarily became the challengers of the Democratic Administration, and thus occupied a strategic position as the opposition party. The Progressives at once began to disintegrate and to rejoin the Republicans in their common hostility to the party in power.

Roosevelt himself remained outside the fold, casting his ballot in the primary of the new party in 1916 and smilingly vowing "I am still a Progressive." But he was even then a receptive candidate for the Republican nomination.

The two parties in 1916 held their conventions simultaneously and only a half mile apart, in Chicago. The Old Guard again was in control of the Republican convention and readily nominated Hughes. The Progressives once more nominated Roosevelt, but in due time he withdrew in favor of the Republican nominee, and the new party gave up the ghost.

Roosevelt worked loyally and hard for the election of Hughes. But he was at cross purposes with the Republican campaign. He felt, to use one of his familiar phrases, that the party "pussyfooted" on the war. He himself, after a brief advocacy of neutrality in the beginning of the conflict, had been outspoken in his sympathy with the Allies and in his denunciation of Germany and of pro-Germanism in this country.

As the most aggressive champion of the Allies, he was an unsparing critic of the neutral policy of

the Administration, which he furiously assailed in his speeches and in his writings for the several publications that in turn retained him as a contributor. His political hostility to the Democratic President was accentuated by a temperamental difference between the two statesmen which provoked him to a violence unexampled in the utterances of an ex-President.

On America entering the war, he was eager to take a hand in the fight which he had so long urged upon the country, and he offered to raise four divisions for the front. The army officers coldly opposing all volunteering and the Administration having adopted a rule against placing in posts of command any but professionally trained soldiers, he appealed to the President and Congress. The latter responded by authorizing the creation of a special organization for him, but the President sustained the objections of his military advisers. The disappointed applicant was obliged to content himself with retorting upon the President, "I am the only one he has kept out of the war."

Barred by a blackball, as he said, from an "exclusive war," the most unwilling stay-at-home gave

lavishly of his service and influence to the various war drives. But the special duty that he made his own was to serve as a goad for the Administration, which he mercilessly belabored with barbed words in his restless effort to urge it on faster and farther.

He found no small consolation for his own enforced absence from the field in the military service of his four sons. He was immensely proud of the rank and decorations they won by their gallantry in France and of the honorable wounds incurred by two of them — Theodore and Archie. At the supreme sacrifice of his youngest son, Quentin, who fell battling in the air, he turned a brave front to the public and gave no outward sign of the cruel hurt that the blow must have caused the heart of a father so fond.

Ever since his return from the South American adventure he had been less and less a well man. Although he fought ever so valiantly the malady which he brought back from the tropics, he could not shake it off. Impatiently as he resisted the limitations it set to his activities, he was compelled with increasing frequency to yield to its remorse-

less progress and accept from time to time a period of invalidism at home or in a hospital.

On each occasion he broke his truce with the physicians at the first chance and returned to the firing line. "Only those who are fit to live do not fear to die," he wrote in the shadow of the loss of his baby boy. "Both life and death are parts of the same great adventure."

Old foes hailed him as the hope of the Republican party in the election of 1920. He smiled at the suggestion, though his intuition may have warned him that he would finish his course before another campaign. Both of his parents were short-lived, and he had exceeded his natural prospect of life when the final summons came to him as he slept in his home at Oyster Bay before the dawn of Monday, January 6, 1919.

It must be within bounds to say that the death of no other private citizen ever has called out such a world-wide expression of regret and sympathy, in which kings and statesmen and scholars of many lands spontaneously joined. In his own country the going of this real and great American cast a shadow upon every home. A sense of personal

loss touched the whole people, high and low, old and young, of every party and creed.

To Americans it was like a death in the family. His countrymen all had taken him as one of the family. He excited the same instinctive affections and the same furious resentments that are reserved for kith and kin. First and last all had differed with him, sometimes indeed violently; first and last all had agreed with him, and just as violently. They could never be indifferent and banish from their interest this many-sided man. Even in their bursts of anger with him, his people were immoderately proud of him as the very embodiment of America.

American he remained even in death. By his choice his funeral in the little church at Oyster Bay was severely simple and by his wish he was buried in the village cemetery, where from his modest grave, he still would bear mute testimony to the democracy and the Americanism which were exemplified in the life of Theodore Roosevelt.

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Printed in the United States of America.

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